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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS ELSIE KAY

Now playing in "The Gay Gordons" at the Aldwych

The Lawyers' Holiday

The alteration in the Long Vacation has been an immense success, and the Lord Chancellor has earned the gratitude of the Bar by presenting them, in effect, with an extra twelve days' holiday without any injury to their pockets or their clients. In former years they used to sit in Chambers for the first twelve days of August and October, grumbling at the fine weather, with too much work to allow them to go away, and not enough to keep them fully employed; while this year they have been in full work to the end of July, and in full holiday during August and September, and have returned to full work on October 1. In other words, the barristers' real vacation, which used to be from August 13 to October 1, now covers the whole of August and September, and has been made to coincide with the usual holiday time of solicitors and litigants.

The New Judge

Everyone will be glad that Lord Coleridge has received his long-expected Judgeship. The only appointments which ever meet with the unanimous approval of the Bar are those of acknowledged leaders of the profession like Mr. Justice Bigham and Mr. Justice Pickford, and it cannot be said that he comes within this category, for his practice in London was neither large nor particularly distinguished. To a great extent, however, he was the victim of bad luck. The career and reputation of a new silk depend very largely upon his success in his first few cases in London, and Lord Coleridge had the misfortune to be briefed by several clients for whom no human skill could have secured a verdict. But he has done well as a Commissioner of Assize, especially in criminal cases, and if there is anything in the principles of heredity, the son and grandson of two very distinguished Judges ought in his turn to prove an ornament to the Bench. He has two other qualifications which are not possessed by all modern Judges, for he is a real orator, whose speeches read nearly as well as they sound, and, as one would expect from his name, he is a scholar and a gentleman. He is probably the first peer who has held a puisne judgeship, and there is some uncertainty in the minds of the Bar as to what his proper official title is. "Mr. Justice Coleridge" sounds too democratic, "Mr. Justice Lord Coleridge" is too clumsy, and appears to involve a contradiction in terms, while "Lord Justice Coleridge," as most laymen will probably call him, would indicate a premature promotion to the Court of Appeal. Will the Duke of Norfolk or Garter King-at-Arms kindly solve this knotty problem?

Photo *Whitlock*

Lord Coleridge, the New Judge

His lordship is the son of the famous Lord Chief Justice, and is a descendant of the poet

Those Arrears Again!

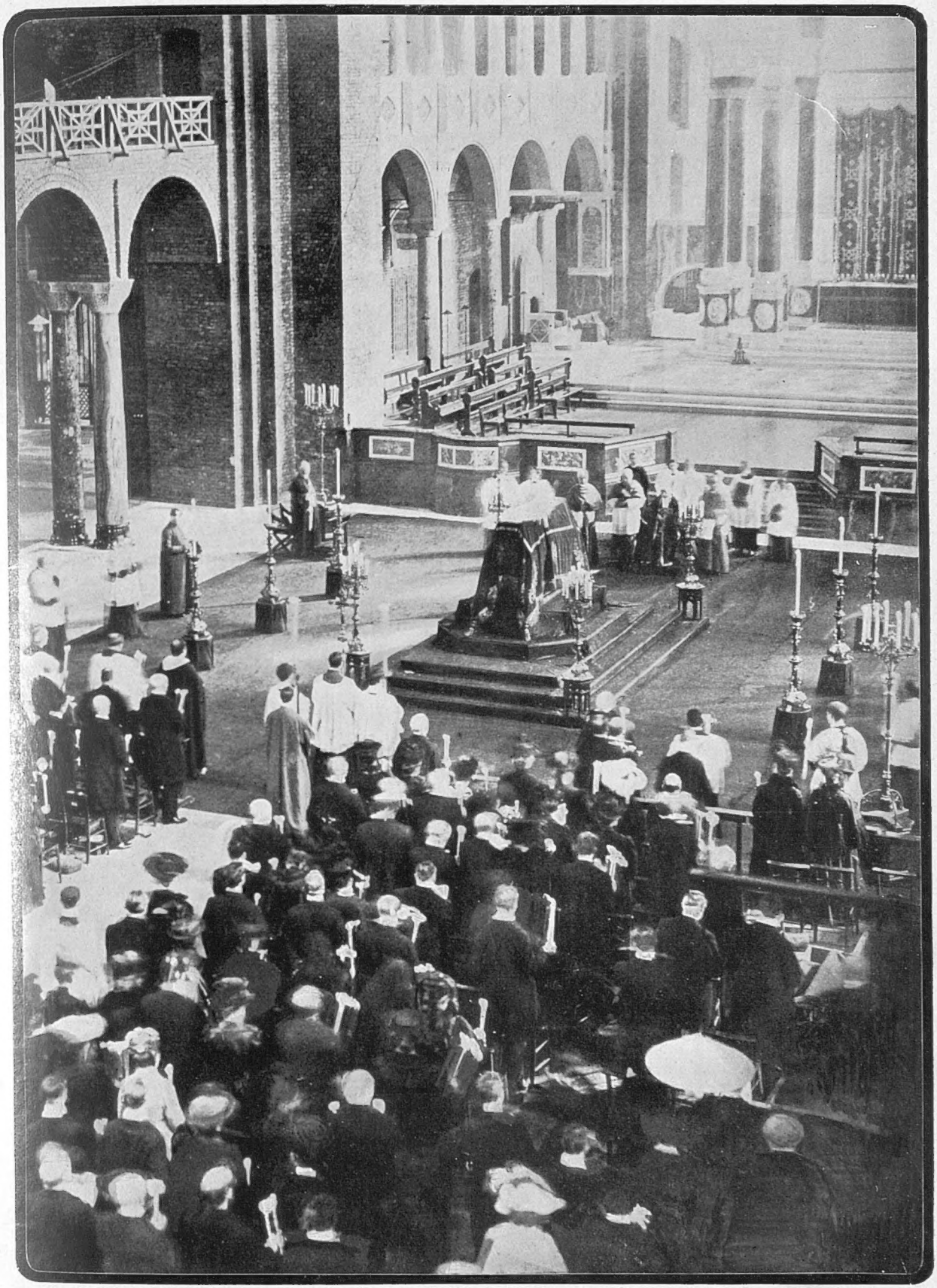
The new legal year has opened with about the usual number of arrears. The case of the Court of Appeal seems hopeless; but in the King's Bench Division the appointment of an additional Judge, and the rearrangement of the Circuit dates, give promise of better things. According to present arrangements, there will never be fewer than seven Common Law Judges in London, and during the last three weeks before Christmas, practically the whole staff of sixteen will be available. I can't imagine where they will all sit, for there is not nearly room enough at the Law Courts. But sixteen Judges sitting together are not an unmixed blessing, and I expect to hear many complaints before the end of the term. Cases will come on before the solicitors or witnesses are ready, and popular counsel will be engaged in six or seven Courts at the same time. It is a bad thing to do your work too slowly, but still worse to get through it too fast.

To a Correspondent

A correspondent has asked me for some information as to the marriage laws of Greece. I regret to inform him that the only authorities upon the subject to which I have access are written in modern Greek, a language which the remnants of a classical education have not enabled me to interpret, and I can only recommend him to apply to the Greek Legation or the nearest Greek Consul.

The Brampton Obsequies

REQUIEM MASS AT WESTMINSTER ON FRIDAY



Photo] THE SCENE IN THE CATHEDRAL [*Illustrations Bureau*

Very fitting was it that Mass for the late Judge should have been sung—with intense solemnity, and in the presence of representatives of the Bench, Bar, Politics, Society, and Sport—at Westminster Cathedral, an edifice which Lord Brampton did much in his lifetime to benefit. The Mass was that of Vittoria (seventeenth century). Archbishop Bourne offered up the special prayer. The Cathedral was filled, and the entire scene—the first great public funeral to be celebrated in the Cathedral—was intensely impressive

TRAINING FOR THE AUTUMN HANDICAPS

A Newmarket Gallop

"Snowie," a Well-known Tout at Newmarket

Mr. Richard Marsh, the Trainer of the King's Racehorses

"Darkie," another "Man of Observation" on Newmarket Heath

Mr. J. Ryan, the Veteran Trainer

Mr. W. Jarvis, a Successful Trainer

Photos] The King's Horses Returning from Exercise [*Graphic Photo Union*

Newmarket is aptly termed the headquarters of the Turf. Hundreds of thoroughbreds are trained on the magnificent expanse of Heath, and the trainers are now particularly busy in "winding up" their horses for the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, and the other big autumn handicaps

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King

"The King at Newmarket" is a piece of fashionable intelligence with which the diligent student of the social columns of the Press must be, by now, fairly familiar. The King loves Newmarket; he is nowhere more truly in his element, and it is to his Majesty's marked preference for the place that the little town owes its present exclusive position in the racing world. Life at Newmarket, in every detail, is that to which the King more and more inclines. Racing by day—in October over the Rowley Mile, one of the finest courses in the kingdom — friendly (though elaborate) dinners, and cards by night — at which counters do not compose the stakes—and the entire absence of that abhorréd element: The Unknown; so runs the world at Newmarket. It is merry enough if you are "in." It is a sufficient inferno if you are "out."

* * *

The Outsider at Newmarket

At Newmarket, the way of the outsider is not only hard; it is impossible. Inaccessible, expensive, unpopular, devoted soul and body to the Turf, Newmarket is the place marked out by the racing elect for their very own. The ignoramus and the tyro — even when, as usually happens, they provide the necessary picturesque element — are barred. At Newmarket one must race, just race; though even then, unless you belong to the smart racing set, you stand alone, indeed, upon the "blasted Heath." You are an intruder—almost a trespasser; anyway, a fine, fair target for snubs unmerciful. The meetings, especially those in October, are gatherings of social intimates with but one mind and one purpose in view — the racing. Nothing else is allowed to intervene. There is a lovely view from the course; on clear days the towers of Ely Cathedral are, to lapse into racing jargon, "quite viewy"; and the air is of the champagne variety. But one takes no notice of either. Serious racing permits of no side-issues. Those are for Ascot and Goodwood.

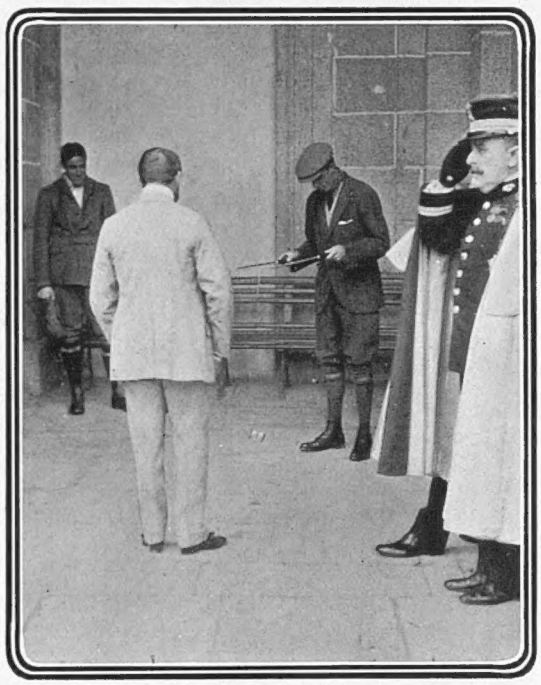


Photo *Topical Agency*

The Latest Convert to the Current Craze

King Alfonso plays Diabolo

The History of Newmarket

It was King James I. who first made Newmarket fashionable. He built a house there and often travelled thence, but for coursing, not for racing. It was left to Charles II. to bring fame to Newmarket. The Rowley Mile was so christened after one of his Majesty's nicknames, "Old Rowley," and often, though he stood 6 ft. high and weighed nearly thirteen stone, did the Merry Monarch, who "could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of his way," ride a fine race there himself. It must have been rather amusing, racing in those days. Well-mounted spectators galloped alongside the competitors on the course, and the King, followed by all his brazen Court—that Court to which so much of our aristocracy owes its being — would sometimes ride full gallop abreast of the jockeys, all cheering and shouting their hardest. William III. was constantly at Newmarket. He would race all day and gamble all night in approved Newmarket fashion, though of these little propensities on the part of his hero Macaulay makes no mention. Queen Anne only visited Newmarket once—it was never, any more than the Derby, a "Ladies' Meeting"—and though George II. never went racing, it was, nevertheless, during his reign that Newmarket reached the summit of its prosperity.

* * *

The Emperor Francis Joseph

It is to be sincerely hoped that the illness of the Emperor of Austria will not prove to be serious. I am not one of those creepy people who believe that the peace of Europe depends on the continued life of the Austrian Sovereign. Francis Joseph has always been a great pacificator, but circumstances have changed since M. de Blowitz made his famous prophecy that "the signal for the next European war would be the death of the Emperor of Austria." The era of universal *ententes* and Hague Conferences has pretty well assured the fact that the Austrian succession would be peaceful.

Another Anglo-American Wedding

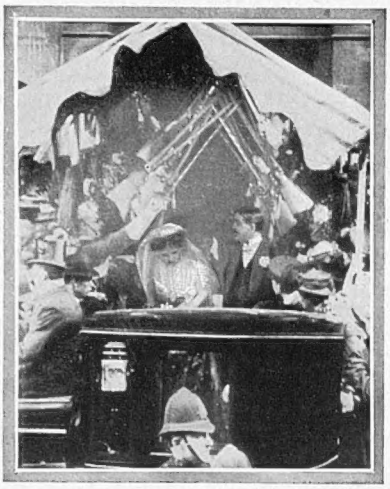
Lord Brampton's Funeral

Few men excelled the late Lord Brampton in the art of making friends in every class and stratum of society. At his funeral, which took place from the Catholic Cathedral last Friday, all sorts and conditions of men gathered together to render the last tokens of respect. The Church, the Stage, the Turf, the Law, the Press (Lord Burnham, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, was one of Lord Brampton's most intimate friends), Society, Commerce, and last, but not least, that great mass of the people which loves a sportsman and respects a fearless man—all were represented. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by Bishop Johnson, while the final absolution was pronounced by the Archbishop of Westminster.

* * *

Kempton

Was it the absence of the King at Kempton Park on Friday, or was it the strange mixture of thunder, lightning, and sunshine which made everyone seem a little depressed and "nervous," as our American cousins say? Whatever the cause, the world and his wife hardly seemed up to the mark. The racing was excellent, but there was not much to notice in the way of "dress." On Saturday, with the sun shining brightly, a goodly crowd assembled, chairs in the members' enclosure being at a premium—a sign of the numbers present—there was plenty of time before the Duke of York Stakes to study everyone. Oh! the hats, and *oh!* the waists!!! The enormous size of the one and the poor little pinched appearance of the other made one alternately gasp in horror and shed tears of pity. French-mustard seems the new shade, and when a small brunette wears a huge hat with upstanding masses of feathers of some unknown bird of this colour, making her look like an enraged cockatoo, it is not becoming. Bright purple comes next. Mrs. Hall Walker was, on Friday, wearing a large hat of this colour trimmed with convolvulus, and a smaller shape of paler mauve on Saturday, her tight-fitting dress of prune cloth being particularly becoming. It was a rest to the eyes to see Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild in neat blue serge and small velvet toque, and Lady Alice Stanley in a dark blue-grey dress and small black hat and coloured wings. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh and Lady Carnarvon, who wore a pale blue costume and toque to match, with small grey wings, always look nice, and Comtesse d'Hautpoul looked charming in a long, tight-fitting coat and skirt of bright dark blue. These long, tight-fitting coats are *the* thing now, and while fashion does not insist on *too* tiny a waist, they are most becoming. The cold snap in the air gave an excuse for some good furs to appear. Lady de Bathe had a lovely stole and large muff of dark sables. Her dress on Saturday was mole-coloured cloth and lace to match, with a beautifully fitting little chemisette of plaited chiffon—a most uncommon "get-up." A lovely ermine stole-cape and muff was walking with a white cloth dress and pointed mantle, the latter covered with chiffon and lace and handsome raised *appliqués* of white velvet flowers, and trimmed with ermine—a beautiful garment not quite unsuitable for a race meeting in October.



A Martial Bridal Arch

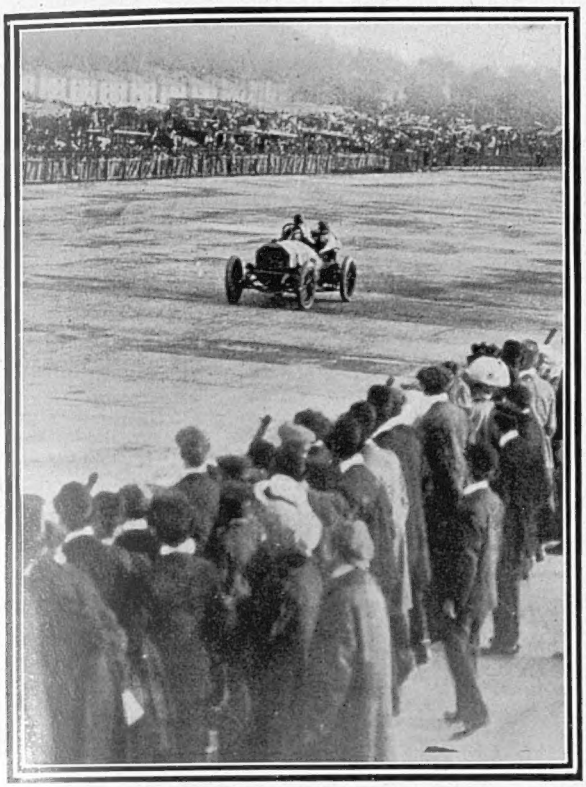
Lord Alastair Innes-Ker and his wife (Miss Anne Breese) leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding on Thursday. The officers of the bridegroom's regiment, the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), made an archway of their swords over the heads of the happy pair

Photo *Topical Agency*

Crowds outside St. George's, Hanover Square, witnessing the wedding of the autumn season—that of Lord Alastair Innes-Ker with Miss Anne Breese (of New York)

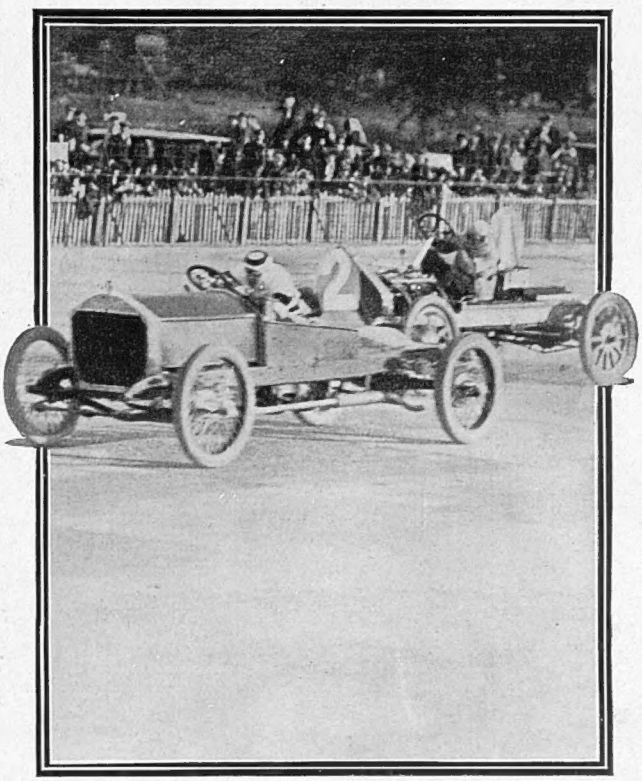
Racing at Brooklands

THE SEASON CLOSES WITH A MOST SUCCESSFUL MEETING



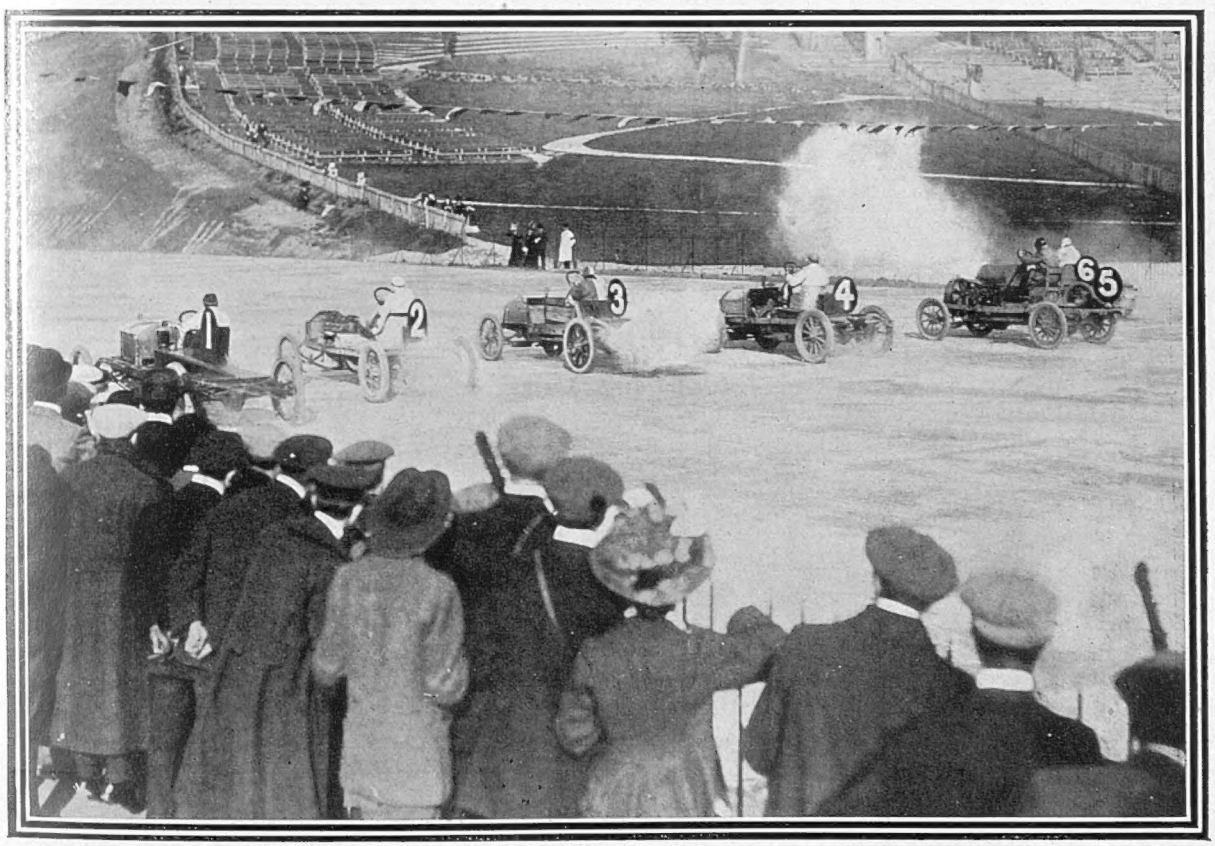
Mr. F. R. Fry's Mercèdes Wins the 90 h.-p. Race

This car, driven by D. Resta, won the race, which was 21⁷ miles in length, at an average speed of 92½ miles an hour



An Exciting Finish

Lieut.-Col. C. D. Carleton-Smith's 38 h.-p. Napier, driven by H. C. Tryon, wins the Private Stakes by a length, after an exciting neck-to-neck race of 5¼ miles



Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

The Start for the Second 25 h.-p. Race: Mr. Edge's 25 h.-p. Napier, on the extreme left, won by four lengths

The fifth and last meeting of the season, which took place at Brooklands on Satu day, was one of the most successful yet held The weather was ideal and there were many exciting finishes. Next season there is every prospect of the Brooklands meetings vying in popularity with the oldest-established and best-patronised horse-racing events of the year

Mid-Ocean Opera

REALISTIC EFFECTS IN THE SCENE BETWEEN THE LOVE-SICK LOVERS

(Mr. Frohman has proposed that ocean-going liners should each be endowed with theatres)

BY TONY SARG

The Paris Councillors' Visit

Civic Hospitality

November is near. Already the voice of the turtle is, as it were, heard in the land. Municipal orders for consignments of paper roses, Venetian masts, and red twill have broken the record in their immensity. The ball started rolling last week, when the City Corporation entertained for four days the members of the Municipal Council of Paris. It looks, indeed, as if the hapless citizens will spend most of the ensuing weeks either unable to get into, or unable to get out of, their offices; and, as for the City traffic, goodness only knows what will happen to that. On Monday week quite a function (the last during the Mayoralty of Sir William Treloar) is to be made of the presentation to Lord Cromer, in the usual 100-guinea gold box, of the Freedom of the City. In the following week the Lord Mayor's Show is, I fear, inevitable; and, four days later, the German Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, will pay his second visit to the Guildhall. No less than £1,300 has been voted by the Corporation for their Imperial Majesties' entertainment—it seems a lot, but I suppose the City must live up to its reputation!—and the Kaiser is to be presented with an address of welcome and another casket worth upwards of three hundred guineas.

* * *

The King and Queen of Spain

Our other Royal visitors, the King and Queen of Spain, are making a purely private visit to England, and will, therefore, not include a journey to the City among their engagements. They are to stay with the King and Queen at Sandringham, with Princess Henry of Battenberg at Kensington Palace, with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James (to whose infant son and heir the King is standing sponsor) at West Dean, and with the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. At this latter mansion, great preparations are on foot for the Royal visit. The famous underground ballroom, some four hundred feet in length, which is also the picture gallery, is being re-painted and decorated.

* * *

A Vegetarian Duchess

Although the Duchess of Portland and her daughter are strict vegetarians, the *chef* at Welbeck is quite excellent. "I always feel so greedy when I dine with her Grace," confessed a friend of the Duchess's to me once; "she drinks no wine and eats only vegetables. It makes one appear a perfect cannibal." At lunch, however, it is even worse, so far as flesh-eating guests are concerned. Skim-milk, biscuits, butter, and cheese are the only items on her Grace's menu, while, invariably for breakfast, more skim-milk, lettuce, and a boiled egg form her daily repast year in year out. Charming manners, a beautiful complexion, inexhaustible amiability, and a perfect horror of being photographed may or may not be the result of this sparse diet.

Learning Our Language: The Paris Municipal Councillors' Visit to Billingsgate

The picture affords an admirable idea of the appearance of the backs of our distinguished and genial visitors, whose figures have the air of prosperity which one expects of Municipal officials. The half amused, half respectful expressions on the faces of the fish-porters on the right will be noticed. The expressions on their tongues we cannot record, but believe they greatly impressed the visitors

The King's Friends—Various

Anyway, they are all the outstanding characteristics of her Grace of Portland. The Duchess's portrait, by the way, occupied, some ten years ago, a prominent position in the shop window of a Society photographer. It was removed, suddenly and for ever, and the Duke is said to have paid a large sum for the destruction of the negative. Mr. Waldorf Astor did the same when once a photograph of the marble fountain in his park at Cliveden was published.

* * *

The King and Sir Ernest Cassel

Wealth and social kudos, which are the perquisites of a Royal favourite, cannot, it seems, achieve everything. Sir Ernest Cassel is marked out by the King as the object of his particular friendship and his companionship, and is a man whose influence over Royal proceedings is as welcome as it is marked. Sir Ernest is enormously wealthy, and he is a great sportsman. Purely for the fun of the thing, he keeps a large stud at Newmarket. Yet the Jockey Club, more than half of whose members take no interest at all in racing, and certainly spend nothing on it, excludes him from membership. In less exalted circles there might, perhaps, be a certain awkwardness in the fact that, while the King stays at the Jockey Club, he visits and associates so constantly with a non-member thereof. But King Edward knows very well how to avoid even the suggestion of a *gaucherie*. Sir Ernest Cassel, it is rumoured, intends to reduce his Newmarket stud considerably. Indeed, he has talked of retiring altogether from active participation in the affairs of the Turf. But there has been no more talk of the presentation of Moulton Paddocks to the Prince of Wales.

* * *

To Entertain the Heir-Apparent

The Marquis of Northampton, who is to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at Castle Ashby next month, has for five years been one of the most important landlords in England. He owns land—over thirty thousand acres—in Northants, Bucks, Warwickshire, and Argyllshire, and his London property, which embraces a great part of Clerkenwell and Canonbury, and came into the family through the marriage of the first Earl Compton with a Lord Mayor's daughter, brings in, of itself, a not inconsiderable fortune. Lord Northampton confesses to an entire absence of interest in things political. He has attended the House of Lords three times in his life, and has voted only once. He is an excellent speaker, cultured, widely read, and keenly interested in the social and religious questions of the day. As a landlord he is generous and popular, and the recent announcement that he intended to let Castle Ashby was received with great regret by his Northamptonshire tenants of all classes. Lord Northampton, who is President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has written a book on Compton Wynyates, his ancient and historic seat near Kineton in Warwickshire.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley

Only daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, the King's intimate friend and host at Newmarket. As Sir Ernest is a widower, Mrs. Ashley does the honours of hostess at Moulton Paddocks

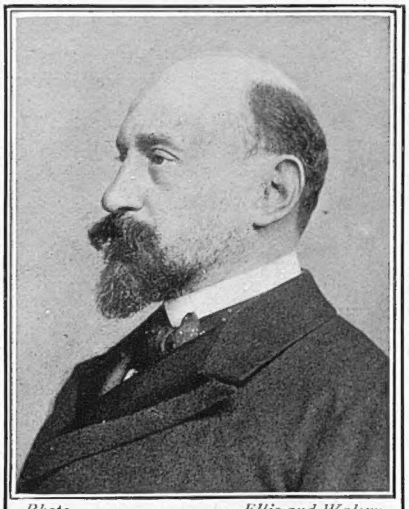


Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Sir Ernest Cassel

The King's close friend, and Newmarket host. Though not of the Jockey Club, Sir Ernest keeps a large stud at Newmarket, where he owns Moulton Paddocks

* * *

Lord Northampton's Daughter

Lord Northampton's only daughter, Lady Loch, will act as hostess for her father during the Royal visit to Castle Ashby. Lord Loch, whose barony was conferred on his distinguished father twelve years ago, at the end of his term as High Commissioner in South Africa, is at present a Major in the Grenadier Guards. He served with distinction both in the Soudan War and in South Africa, and is not yet thirty-five. At his wedding, which took place in the Guards' Chapel a year or two ago in the height of the London season, the scarlet coats of Lord Loch's brother-officers and men were rivalled by the unconventional bouquet of crimson flowers which was carried by the dark-haired, dark-eyed bride. By the way, the Castle Ashby party will consist very largely of men.

* * *

The Start of Pheasant Shooting

"October 1—Pheasant Shooting Begins." Thus runs the familiar entry in the sportsman's calendar; yet there is precious little pheasant shooting nowadays in the first week or two of October. Birds which have strayed from the coverts may be killed on the edge of estates without loss of time, otherwise they would be lost irrecoverably, and the hedgerows and small spinnies may also be lightly worked in the early days of the month. But the main woods cannot, as a rule, be tackled until November, one reason being the amount of leaf which still clings impenetrably to the trees in covert. Another important reason is the general desire of all good sportsmen to give the birds as long as possible to come to their full maturity and strength of wing.

Pheasant Shooting Prospects

In the present season the start is bound to be later than ever. Rarely has foliage been more profuse and greener at this time of the year; rarely has there been so much undergrowth in the coverts. Rarely, again, have pheasants been more backward, a result that can be attributed to the cold, damp, inclement weather of the summer. But under modern conditions the pheasant is not nearly so much the victim of unfavourable weather as the partridge is. For the latter, it is certainly one of the worst years on record. Few people, in fact, can remember such a scarcity of these very sporting birds. But prospects for pheasant shooting are bright enough in most places, and much good sport is promised next month. The accompanying illustration was taken on Sir Hugh McCalmont's estate, where the coverts are plentifully stocked with good strong birds. Hopeful reports come from other quarters, and it is safe to say that it is generally expected among shooting people that the pheasant will afford compensation for the grievous disappointment which has been caused by the lack of partridges.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Marchioness of Linlithgow

Entertaining a large pheasant-shooting party at Hopetoun House, West Lothian

The Marchioness of Linlithgow

Lady Linlithgow, who has been entertaining a large party for pheasant shooting at Hopetoun House, West Lothian, is the third of the four daughters of Lady Ventry, one of the most beautiful women of her generation, and sister of the late General "Andy" Wauchope. Her eldest son, whose title—that of Lord Hopetoun — was borne by his father for upwards of thirty years, attains his majority next year. Since the Liberals came into office, Lord Linlithgow, a staunch Conservative, has been enjoying a well-earned rest, and both he and Lady Linlithgow have considerably benefited in health by their unwonted leisure. Lord Linlithgow is still a year or two short of his half-century, yet he has held a record list of appointments, all with distinction, some with renown. Directly after doing his Grand Tour in Turkey, Egypt, and America, he was appointed Whip in the House of Lords, and then, in rapid succession, Lord-in-Waiting, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church in Scotland, Governor of Victoria, Paymaster-General, Lord Chamberlain of the Household, Governor-General

Photo *Crawford McFal.*

Rearing Pheasants at Mount Juliet, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, Sir Hugh McCalmont's Irish Seat

In spite of the wet summer, which has prejudiced pheasant shooting over the country generally, there are at Mount Juliet over 2,000 birds in splendid condition

A Castle with Historic Traditions

of the Commonwealth of Australia, and Secretary for Scotland.

* * *

A Month of Engagements

A good crop of Society engagements is always expected in October, and this year is proving no exception to the rule. One of the most interesting is that of Lord Ronaldshay, M.P., eldest son of Lord Zetland, whose marriage to Miss Cicely Archdale, niece of Mrs. Harry Lawson, is to take place early in the new year. Lord Ronaldshay has travelled extensively in India, Ceylon, Persia, Japan, and China, and has written two interesting books on his travels.

Ever-Open Door" and "Greatest of These?" He is an Englishman, in spite of his name, and is the grandson of that Mr. Bentley who "discovered," and bought for some £50, the celebrated Gainsborough "Duchess," for which five years later Mr. Pierpont Morgan paid £30,000.

* * *

The Royal Engagement

Although no one believed more firmly than old "Monte Carlo Blanc" in the almighty power of the dollar, yet even he, I imagine, would have felt slight astonishment had he

Photo H. Walter Barnett

Photo Mills] **Castle Ashby** *[Photo Whitlock*

Castle Ashby, where the Prince and Princess of Wales will stay next month, and which the Marquis of Northampton is seeking to let, has been in the possession of the Compton family since the reign of Henry VIII. It was built by the first Lord Compton (one of the Commissioners on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots) with the fortune he acquired through his runaway marriage with Lord Mayor Spencer's lovely daughter. Inigo Jones added the façade, chapel, and picture gallery. It contains, in addition to a good many texts, many treasures, among them some priceless Etruscan vases and some ancient Italian tapestry. In the park are some of the oldest and finest cedars in England. Inset are photographs of the Marquis of Northampton and his daughter, Lady Loch, who entertains for her father at Castle Ashby during the Royal visit

The Holder of the Diamonds

On the 26th Captain Darell, of the Coldstream Guards, holder of the Diamond Sculls, and second son of Sir Lionel Darell, of Fretherne Court, Gloucestershire, marries Miss Jeffie Bainbridge; and this month, too, the marriage of Miss Leila Paget, only daughter of General Sir Arthur Paget, with Mr. Ralph Paget, British Minister at Bangkok, son of the late Sir Augustus Paget, British Ambassador to the Court of Vienna, is to take place at Coombe. Mr. Sigismund Goetze's engagement to Miss Schweich, niece of Dr. Ludwig Mond, is announced. Mr. Goetze will be remembered by his popular sensation pictures in the Royal Academy, his two last being "The

lived to see one of his grand-daughters the daughter-in-law of a King by a match that allies her with some of the greatest Royal Houses in Europe. The betrothal of Prince George of Greece to Princess Marie Bonaparte is as amazing in its way as was that of the King of Spain and Princess Ena of Battenberg. Prince George is the son of a King, and related to nearly every Royalty in Europe. Princess Marie is not even mentioned in the "Almanach de Gotha," and has the merest tinge of Royal blood in her veins. Her large fortune came, through her mother, from the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo. Her paternal grandmother, "a daughter of the people,"

Arundel as the Forest of Arden

MR. OSCAR ASCHE EXPLORES IT TO GAIN SCENIC IDEAS FOR "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Photo] **THE USES OF ARUNDEL** *[White, Littlehampton*

In order to gain inspiration for the delightful scenes of woodland loveliness which abound in the production of *As You Like It*, now being presented by Mr. Oscar Asche at His Majesty's, Mr. and Mrs. Asche, accompanied by Mr. Harker, the painter, lately spent some time wandering through the Duke of Norfolk's beautiful park at Arundel, which is, as all the world knows, regularly open to the public

Engagements—A Varied List

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt

To marry Count Szechenyi

Photo Russell

Lord Ronaldshay, M.P.

To marry Miss Cicely Archduke

Count Szechenyi

To marry Miss Gladys Vanderbilt

Photo Illus. Bureau

was repudiated as a relation by the late Emperor of the French. The Princess, whose fortune is estimated at some ten millions sterling, is an attractive, clever girl, with a strong will of her own. She speaks German, English, French, and Italian fluently. It is probable that she will one day inherit, in addition to her mother's money, the millions of her uncle, the genial Edmond Blanc, of racing fame.

* * *

The Vanderbilt Engagement

The engagement of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, one of the richest heiresses in the world, to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, a young Hungarian nobleman, argues a sad lack of initiative on the part of our British titled and unappropriated manhood. Miss Vanderbilt is the possessor of some three millions sterling and a beautiful voice. The Count, too, is musical, very rich, very gay, and very popular in Vienna and Budapest Society, where he goes by the pet name of "Lalla." His career has not been wanting in romantic episodes. The match, however, is declared by Mrs. Cornelius to be purely one of love. The marriage is to take place in a few weeks' time at Trinity Church, Newport.

* * *

A Chance for Amateur Photographers

"There are three things," said the King once, "which I cannot escape. Death, the photographer, and Mrs. ——" (referring to a well-known "Royalty-bagger"). It occurs to me that less than ever now will his Majesty be able to escape at any rate the second-named. For the Graphic Photo Union, particulars of which are to be found elsewhere, aims at enabling amateurs to sell their photographs to the Press, and thus adds a new and welcome feature to the joys of amateur photography. It meets, too, to use a terribly hackneyed expression, "a long-felt want." Often, with a camera in hand, one takes a lot of photographs which, though perhaps of no particular interest to oneself, might very well be of interest to a certain section of the Press and public. In these circumstances, all one has to do after becoming a member of the G.P.U. is to send one's photographs up to the Union,

Photo Langfier 23a, Old Bond Street

Miss Leila Paget

(A New Portrait)

Daughter of General Sir Arthur and Lady Paget, who is shortly marrying her cousin, Mr. Ralph Paget, British Minister at Bangkok

Captain Darell (of the Coldstreams)

Engaged to Miss Jeffie Bainbridge. The bridegroom is the holder of the Diamond Sculls, and the son of Sir Lionel Darell

Photo Graphic Photo Union

Mr. Sigismund Goetze

The well-known painter of "sensation" pictures in the Academy, who is engaged to Miss Schweich

The Coming Royal Wedding

Photo *Boissonnas and Taponier*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF T.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE AND PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE

Young Landlord and Oldest Tenant

whereupon a market is discovered for them and they are sold in it. The Union should, I think, appeal especially to the globe-trotter and the man or woman with wide social connections. Picturesque places and prominent people are always good subjects for one's camera; and there is a pleasure in seeing one's photographs printed in the papers, which is enhanced when a cheque afterwards follows for the contribution.

* * *

A Rothschild as a Wrath's-child

It is rumoured that Miss Alice Rothschild, by her refusal to allow the King's men to work over her estate of Waddesdon during the recent manœuvres in Buckinghamshire, has incurred displeasure in very high quarters. The Duke of Connaught, writing to Sir John French with regard to the manœuvres, made pointed reference to the fact, and it seems the affair is not to be allowed to be forgotten. In a way, one can sympathise with the delinquent. The grounds of Waddesdon are among the most beautiful in England. A large army of gardeners work constantly upon them. Trees and shrubs of the utmost value and rarity abound. In the park, cattle are bred, and there are many strange, half-savage animals such as so many of the Rothschilds love to keep. Miss Rothschild, however, is one of the richest women in England. Any damage which might conceivably have been done by the troops could easily have been repaired. This is the second time, by the way, that Waddesdon has come uncomfortably into prominence. It was there that the King broke his knee-cap some years ago. Besides Waddesdon Manor, Miss Rothschild owns the beautiful Villa Victoria at Grasse (where seventy gardeners are kept), and a great house in Piccadilly. She inherited a large fortune from her brother, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild; she is a stern and exacting mistress, and a fine business woman. Her charity is wide, but always discriminating.

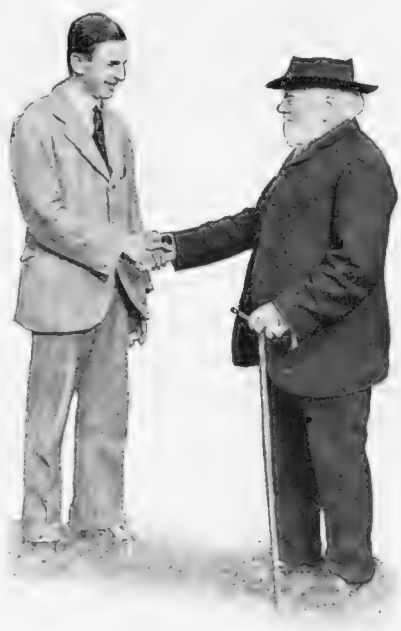


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Coming of Age Epidemic

Lord Torrington, on his recent coming of age, shakes hands with one of the oldest dwellers on his estate near Maidstone—Mr. John Holmes, forty years a tenant

* * *

Royal Hosts in Scotland

In Scotland, the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia are paying their annual visit to Lord and Lady Wemyss at Gosford House, Haddingtonshire. Lord Wemyss is the Duke of Connaught's most intimate friend. His grand-daughter, Miss Pelly, is the Duchess's Lady-in-Waiting, and he himself is one of the wonders of the age. He married for the second time, when he was eighty-two, a lady a good deal less than half his age. He is now eighty-nine, but he is in the best of health and strength, motors, drives, shoots, fishes, plays golf, and not infrequently takes a seat in the House of Lords and puts in a word for the "Old Nobility." Lady Wemyss, who was a Miss Grace Blackburn, was not particularly well known in Society until she married her aged and wealthy husband, whose five seats in Scotland, place in Gloucestershire, and fine town house in St. James's Place made him a great *parti*. She is dark, extremely cultured, and very artistic. Sculpture is her hobby, and she is a member of the remnant of that social clique which was once known to fleeting fame as the "Society of Souls."

* * *

The Autumn Opera

Apart from the fact that there is altogether too much of the Italian element, the autumn opera is, in all essentials, at any rate, every bit as good as the Grand season, and at moments a vast deal better. The accidentals which make the difference are the tiaras, the toilettes, and, last but not least, the prices. And if it be less fashionable, this autumn season is often more full-blooded. Take *Carmen* the other night for instance. Madame Gay's interpretation is a masterpiece. She combines the dramatic and operatic arts with a rare talent. Herself a Spaniard, she is typically a daughter of the hot, sweet South—passionate, dominating, allurin; an ideal Carmen, with the reserve of the artist happily added.

* * *

The Autumn Audience

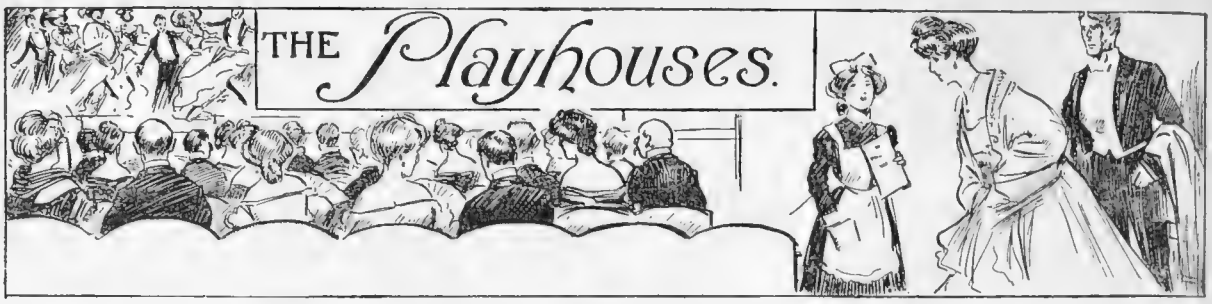
As to the intermediate parts of the house — the stalls and boxes — well, of course, an autumn Covent Garden audience is emphatically not a Grand Opera audience. A few keen opera-goers of the *haut monde* are generally present, Lady de Grey, the Marquis de Soveral, Prince Francis of Teck, the Duchess of Bedford, Lord Duncannon, and a few others, but the expensive, fashionable world—the world which prefers to pay thirty shillings for its stall and is prepared to fight if need be for the possession of the most conspicuous boxes—that world is conspicuous by its absence. It is still in Scotland, paying country-house visits, shooting pheasants; emphatically, it is not at the Opera. In its place come (1) the vast Hebraic element of London Society, and (2) the music-loving element, which would go to the opera, even Italian opera, all the year round, were it only possible. There are no Cartier tiaras, no diamond necklaces, very few Worth gowns. But there is unbounded enthusiasm both behind and in front of the footlights, and there is a display of good manners by no means as conspicuous during the "Grand" season.

At Last a Carmen!

Photo *Histed*

Mme. Maria Gay, now playing the rôle of Carmen to full houses at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden

Many critics regard Mme. Gay as by far the greatest Carmen of modern times



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE HAYMARKET

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs"

Sometimes the play makes the actress; sometimes the actress makes the play. All hope for *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, Mr. David Belasco's adaptation of Mr. Egerton Castle's "The Bath Comedy," is bound up in Miss Eva Moore. She worked miracles. She is here, there, and everywhere, propping up this poor play when it threatens to fall, hiding its failings, making the most of its virtues. It is not easy to conjure up the spirit of the eighteenth century upon the boards, however liberal the playwright may be with his expletives—"pink me," "monstrous," "vastly," etc. Nor is the *séance* a success merely because the spirit appears. The wraith must have the human quality of being entertaining, else we vote the function a bore. Mr. Belasco has worked hard over his medium—Mr. Castle's novel. Result, a manifestation hardly worth the labour of the summons.

The story is of the slightest. Mistress Kitty Bellairs descends upon Bath, turns the heads of the men and generally upsets the community. Meddling between Sir Jasper Standish and his wife, Kitty becomes the cause of a duel between Sir Jasper and Lord Verney. In order to repair the mischief she has wrought, Kitty, accompanied by Lady Standish, goes to Lord Verney's rooms at four in the morning. It so chances, of course, that everybody else who could possibly matter is making a night of it in these lodgings. The girls are forced to hide in a curtained bed. It is a question how long it will be before they are discovered. The playwright spins out his little situation to the point of tedium. First, a shoe is discovered. The roysterers twit the bashful Lord Verney about the fair unknown. They drink bumpers from the shoe and toast the fair unknown. Business of songs and revelry. They surge up and down, but, of course, are sportsmen, so would not dream of drawing aside the curtains. The shoe is passed round. It reaches Sir Jasper. He starts violently. "The shoe of my wife!" Why he should recognise his wife's satin slipper among the many thousands which decorate the fair feet of the Bath ladies is not made clear. But his minute inspection of the slipper leads one to believe that he is reading a name written in the lining. So, perhaps, this particular pair of shoes, from the heavy price he has been forced to pay for it, remains in his memory. Now, at last, is the cue for which we have so long waited—viz., the sudden drawing of the curtain by—Kitty Bellairs. She will save her friend's reputation at the price of her own. The rest of the play is taken up with the slow recovery by Kitty of her reputation. There is a protracted scene at the Regimental Ball, where Kitty, basely deserted by Lady Standish, who refuses to confess her part in the escapade at Lord Verney's rooms, holds her own against her hated rivals of Bath. She refuses to be "frozen out" of the room, and her brilliant sallies are received by her little band of detractors with groans, gesticulations, and physical evidences of feeling—each tongue-lash more commonly associated with ladies of far lower social standing than my lady Bab Flyte and her supporters. The "business" of this scene is ludicrous. Surely, ladies of such high degree have learned that first lesson in social warfare: how to receive the most deadly insults with a smiling countenance.

Photo *Goodyer*

Miss Annie Hughes

Who is at present acting as her own manager on tour. Miss Hughes, whose *Country Mouse* will never be forgotten by playgoers, will shortly appear in London

The last act is taken up with the departure of Lord Verney's regiment and the anguish of sweet Kitty Bellairs, the curtain falling upon the comforting assurance that "he will return."

In a play based on such a cumbersome and transparent story, we look for grace and humour of dialogue, for subtle touches of character-drawing. It would be unfair to say that we looked in vain. The dialogue, especially in the parts which fell to Miss Eva Moore, was often pointed and witty. Needless to say, Miss Moore's delivery of these lines was inimitable.

But most of the character-drawing was left to the players, of whom Miss Moore and Mr. Loring Fernie made the best of their tasks. To the latter fell one of those faithful swains for whom the heroine can spare no more than a cousinly attachment. In nine

New Play at the Haymarket

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

cases out of ten the actor is to be congratulated if he prevents his rôle from being numbered among the "also appeareds." Mr. Fernie, the tenth actor, made his rôle stand out like a cameo. It was a performance distinguished no less by graceful bearing than by sincerity of expression. Mr. Owen Roughwood seemed a little uncertain of his playing of the hero. On the one hand, Lord Verney is a bashful youth, far removed in temperament from his roystering brother-officers. On the other, he is just as much a man of spirit, when roused, as they. When he gets into the part, Mr. Roughwood will strike a better balance. The other rôles were mere sketches. It is the charm and the daintiness of Miss Eva Moore which will act strongest upon the fortunes of the play.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"As You Like It"

This is a very interesting production of Mr. Oscar Asche. The actor-manager has steered a middle course between all scenery and no acting on the one hand, and all acting and no scenery on the other. There have been notable examples of both extremes. Every modern playgoer can recall the first, but he must be an aged man who can recall the second. The impression made upon the thoughtful man by this latest production of Shakespeare is that acting can more than hold its own against scenery. The productions which have set the public raving about the scene-painter's art are generally found, on analysis, to be productions in which the acting has been of a kind not sufficiently arresting to distract us from rapt contemplation of the "sticks" of furniture in a two-pair back. Mr. Asche has given us a setting of the Forest of Arden so natural that some of the critics have picked out bits of real England to which to liken it. It is, indeed, a glade to linger in the memory. Still, when Orlando and Rosalind commence their dallying, Touchstone his philosophising, the banished Duke his lamenting, and Jacques his moralising, my attention is distracted from brake and bracken, from slender, silver-lichened boughs silhouetted against the sky, from mossy bank, from meandering leaf-strewn path, from mantles of bluebells spread beneath stripling oaks. So does the acting at His Majesty's worthily withstand the scenery.

Mr. Henry Ainley is the best conceivable Orlando. He is unaffected, self-unconscious, full of fun and high spirits. He is of the kind that love makes joyous. He fills the Forest of Arden with his transports. Best of all, there is no hint of a melancholic strain in his wooing. The lover is often a dismal fellow. Not so this well set-up, dashing, chivalrous Orlando, who looks love in the face with out quailing, this Orlando gifted with the two senses so seldom united in one being—the senses of romance and of humour. Of this idyll in the Forest of Arden, Miss Lily Brayton nobly bears her share, else it were no idyll. But Miss Brayton has not yet succeeded in shaking off the mantle of tragedy which she has worn so long in recent productions. Tricks of bearing, like the widely distended eyes, the scornfully curving lips, the delivery of the lines upon one note, are ill-suited to the rôle of Rosalind. Not until the play is well advanced do we note the welcome signs that tell us Miss Brayton is going to prove a most pleasing and acceptable Rosalind. Roguishness and mischievousness do not sit quite well upon her. As she leaves tragedy farther behind her, she will be more at home in the realm of comedy. Mr. Courtice Pounds's Touchstone is a complete success. The touchstone to the success of Touchstone is humour. That actor only is a good Touchstone who, like Mr. Pounds, can make us laugh. And, as any comedian will tell you, Shakespeare's clowns are by no means so easy to play as would appear.

Mr. Oscar Asche, whose burly figure is not a good start for the rôle of the melancholy Jacques, gives a capital performance. It is a triumph of mental qualification over physical disqualification. There is no mistaking the sincerity of his disgust for the world. Never have I heard the Seven Ages speech turned into such a diatribe against the meanness of man and the insignificance of his little span of life.

E. C. S.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Betty Ohles

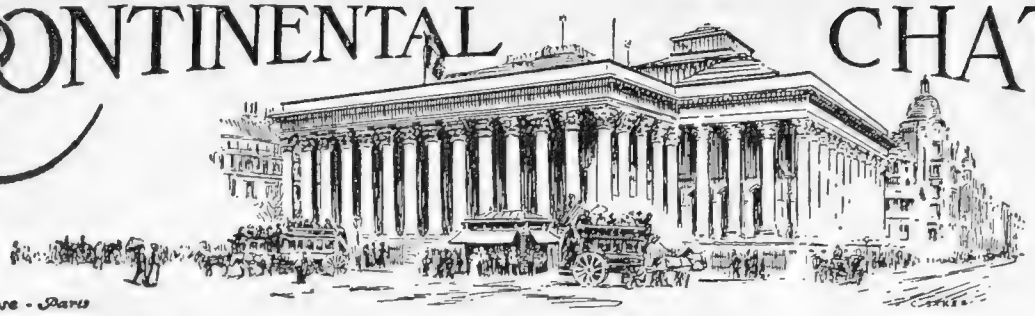
Who has made a great success at the Empire, and is described as the American Yvette Guilbert

PALACE THEATRE

On the Tuesday of last week, a special gala performance was held at the Palace Theatre in honour of the President and Members of the Paris Municipal Council, who attended in full force. The theatre was, without, gay with bunting; within, overflowing with enthusiasm. Much of the programme was in French. Malcolm Scott rose to the occasion by several subtle allusions in that language, and the Palace Girls, wearing red, white, and blue, endeared themselves to the hearts of the Frenchmen, as much by their fair grace as by their rendering of a *chanson* with a somewhat nondescript accent. Mr. Finck composed a special selection for the occasion, in which the strains of the "Marseillaise" and "Rule Britannia" were conspicuous. Then the Lord Mayor and the President of the Paris Council said a few words from their respective boxes. After them, "God Save the King," "The Marseillaise," and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" were all sung by the audience.

R. M.

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Morocco Again: France v. Germany

A question which has not attracted much attention out of France, but which is worrying the French official world a great deal, is the attempt which is being made to introduce German Consols on the French money market. It is thought that the desire to do this may account for the remarkably genial attitude shown by German diplomacy towards France in Morocco. On the spot, however, things are far from satisfactory between the rival Powers. The personal hostility between M. Regnault, the French Minister, and Herr von Rosen, the German Minister, is so great that, though in public they have to salute each other, in private they are not even on speaking terms. This cannot be a good thing in itself, and it is to be regretted that the Republic has not chosen a man better able to conceal his feelings. I say this because Herr von Rosen is notoriously conciliatory. He has many personal friends in Paris, his wife is an Englishwoman, and whatever scheming he is ordered to do, open hostility is not in the least likely to be shown by him to a fellow-diplomatist. His family being connected with the Russian Rosens, he has, on that side, personal sympathies which make him a useful and interesting man. French diplomacy in Morocco has been far from adroit. At the same time, the German Foreign Office is not above making use of private agents to foment trouble, when trouble suits its purpose. It is possible that these agents are just now stirring up the opposition to France. Anyhow, the situation is unfortunate for all concerned.

* * *

Wilhelm and Wilhelmina!

The coming visit of the Emperor William to Holland is, contrary to the official statements, no mere act of courtesy. Anybody who knows anything of the aspirations of German foreign policy is aware of the immense stake Holland represents in the future of the Empire. The mouth of the noble river on which Germany's great industrial centres, Westphalia and the Frankfort and Mannheim districts, have grown up, is under foreign dominion. The Rhine and the Meuse join in Holland and then spread into a delta, on which stands Rotterdam, at the receipt of German custom. Had Bismarck been able to carry out his policy to the bitter end, the Rhine would have become German along its whole navigable length, and he would have thus rounded off the Empire as he conceived it. But the old Emperor William had had enough of bloodshed, and his son Frederick was a man of peace. The present Emperor, in spite of his bellicose speeches, is also decidedly a man of peace, and he no doubt thinks that, if the present Dutch Sovereign remains childless, the problem of the mouth of the Rhine will be solved by itself through the succession to the throne of a Prince of Reuss.

The Latest Photograph of M. Rostand

Author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, whose recent illness has resulted in a successful operation

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Mme. Edmond Rostand

The talented wife of the author

* * *

Intriguing Against Britain?

The Emperor is exploiting to the full the ill-feeling of the Dutch against the English. He wishes to show the Dutch that he is their friend, and we shall certainly hear a great deal during his visit of the common origin and language of the two Teutonic nations, their joint interests and the immense possible development of Holland's carrying trade through a closer union with Germany. Is not Queen Wilhelmina herself unconsciously playing into the hands of Germany? She makes absolutely no attempt to win the hearts of her people, although she must surely see how indifferent they have grown towards her. Not to have an heir is hardly her fault; but in view of this she ought to do all the more to make herself agreeable to her subjects instead of disappointing them.

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt's Engagement

It is not only the Americans who will be disappointed at Miss Gladys Vanderbilt's choice of a husband (Count Szechenyi). All the Italian Princes, Marquises, and Counts who are seen every Spring "waiting on the doorsteps," as it were, of the big hotels for an American heiress to turn up, will be exasperated at the time and attention they wasted on Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her daughter. To every Roman tea-party, where there is a chance of meeting an heiress, they swarm, unrivalled in the spotlessness of their linen, the brilliancy of their ties, and the exquisiteness of their gloves and boots. They are all equally handsome, all equally inane, all have the same fascinating smile, and the same contempt for anybody who sinks to the degradation of work. I have never met Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, but if she is as distinguished as her mother, she will pass muster in fashionable Society. Last Spring her mother's renowned black pearl necklace was coveted by many an Italian Count. One pearl of it would have been a godsend to most of them. Like her *fiancé*, Miss Vanderbilt is well known in Parisian Society. She has had the usual education of a millionairess: singing lessons from Jean de Reszke at 150 francs (£6) an hour, riding, painting, skating, motoring, and all the other so-called accomplishments. Miss Vanderbilt is well prepared for her new position, and although Austro-Hungarian Society is the most exclusive in Europe, an old Knickerbocker family like the Vanderbilts has a *prestige* which many distinguished European families could not claim. Count Szechenyi will probably leave the nomad life of the diplomatic service and settle down in Vienna. He will have enough of Hungary during the shooting season. It is to be hoped that he will follow the public-spirited traditions of his family, and not give himself up merely to the pursuit of pleasure.

* * *

M. Rostand's Indisposition

M. Edmond Rostand, the famous author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, after having had all sorts of ailments and having been prevented from keeping a number of his contracts, has at last fallen a victim to the fashionable complaint of appendicitis, and has undergone the equally fashionable operation which removes the refractory organ. It is to be hoped the bulletins will continue to be favourable. Rostand, although he does not impress one personally as the clever man he really is, has had one of the most marvellous successes on record, yet he began life with a sort of disaster. A few months before his studies should have come to a natural end at the College Stanislas, he committed a breach of discipline, which the authorities would not overlook, and he was expelled. The indignation of the other boys almost caused a revolt; they tore up his cap and divided it into shreds, one of which each boy wore in his button-hole as a decoration for the rest of the term. His wife is almost as well known in the literary world as himself. It is quite possible that a great deal of his success is due to her. In any case, she knew *Cyrano* by heart from beginning to end, and could discuss every *nuance* as if she had been responsible for it.

Anglo-Spanish Relations: Our new Embassy in Madrid

Inaugurated with great ceremony early in the month, the new British Embassy is the finest in the Spanish capital. Its interior decorations are magnificent, and one of the most interesting annexes is that set apart for the bachelor secretaries and attachés, an exceedingly elegant suite of apartments. These furtive attempts to discourage matrimony among the younger members of the Corps Diplomatique are not regarded with much favour by the fair denizens of the various capitals

The Charms of Saharan Scenery

THE "GATE OF THE DESERT" NEAR BISKRA

Photo *Rawlence*

The Sahara is growing more and more popular, thanks largely to the industrious efforts of Mr. Hichens and other novelists, and also to those of railway and steamship companies, which every year bring its barbaric beauties nearer within reach of the ordinary winterer abroad. Biskra is deservedly popular as a desert-side resort, for it is situated in a green oasis of great charm, beautifully wooded and watered. It is accessible by steamer and rail, and has an excellent hotel in the Royal. Its season is November to April, and, while very central for the barbaric delights of the Sahara, with its barren prospects and its wild inhabitants of the human and animal species, it possesses all the amenities of civilisation. The "Gate of the Desert" above depicted is geographically known as the Gorge of St. Kantara. It is traversed, as will be seen, by railway

The Hunting Season: A Rousing Gal

Happily, farmers still have a welcome for hounds and their followers in most hunting countries, but in some places the deadly wire is steadily gaining ground. Farmers have found it to be a cheap and convenient means of repairing

allop Over an Awkward Country

their fences, and its use is a constant menace to hunting people, who have, accordingly, to make elaborate arrangements for its removal during the season.

BY C. H. TAFFS

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 100

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

BY REGINALD RAYNER

THE greatest happiness is often found in the sudden enjoyment of an unanticipated blessing.

With this truth in view, it is not to be wondered at if Bill Letchworth was experiencing a somewhat exaggerated fit of self-satisfaction. Certainly, had you told him two years before the particular May morning with which we are concerned that, in a short time, he would become possessed of a colt which, given his rights and due publicity, would become the hottest favourite that ever started for the Three Thousand Guinea Stakes, he would have laughed in your face; and you could not in reason have blamed him, for he was a comparatively poor man, who did not habitually go in for the luxury of breeding first-class racehorses. However, the fickle lady called Fate had taken it into her head to be kind to Bill Letchworth, and there could be no doubt that the big black, which had just finished his morning exercise under his owner's eyes, was one of the very best. Undoubtedly, this was Bill's own opinion, and a very sanguine grin wreathed his honest brown face as he turned to the girl standing beside him, and said:

"My aunt! Kitty, isn't he grand?"

For a moment, pretty Kitty Barron stood looking at the strapping great colt as he was led into his box by the groom, and then:

"Yes, he is a beauty; but do you really think him good enough to win the Three Thousand, Bill?"

"Well, that's the verdict of Travers and Billingborough, and you won't find two better judges of form in the country. I know they're both backing him for all they're worth. By Jove! what a bit of luck it was for me picking him up for a song as I did! When I bought him I'd no more idea of putting him in this race than I had of flying him up to the moon, bless him!"

Struck by the silence of his habitually talkative companion, he turned his head and glanced at her profile outlined against the surrounding hills.

He knew immediately that she was in some distress, and, even had she wished it, she could not have hidden her feelings from him, for Letchworth had been at some trouble to study Kitty Barron's features almost since they had been capable of any expression at all.

"What's wrong, Kitty?" he asked.

"Nothing," she faltered, with somewhat transparent mendacity.

"Oh, nonsense," he said, quickly; "there's something gone wrong. What is it, Kit?"

Letchworth noticed, as she turned her dark head towards him, that her big black eyes were filled with tears, and her lips were trembling sorrowfully.

"Oh, Billy, dear, he's such a beast!"

Now, according to the cold but correct code of duty and honour, Bill should have maintained a respectable coldness of demeanour and proceeded to give his companion a little wholesome advice as to keeping her private feelings decently concealed in a manner befitting the acknowledged custom of our enlightened twentieth century, but, unfortunately, Kitty, always pretty, became in her distress positively lovely. And honest Bill lost his head.

Before he realised what he was doing he had opened his arms and closed them with Kitty's slender form in their protecting embrace, what time his lips wandered ardently over her fragrant hair, babbling out an incoherent stream of sympathy, interspersed, it must be feared, with expressions of his most lively affection.

"Oh, Bill, stop; you mustn't!"

Somewhat tardily, Kitty pulled herself free with a little wrench.

"Good Lord, Kitty!" burst out Bill. "I beg your pardon. I do, indeed. What a beast I am!"

"Oh, you couldn't help it. It was my fault. I was a mad fool to come out this morning; it'll make it ten times worse."

"Make it worse? Make what worse?" he asked dazedly.

Kitty, with her bent head turned from him, traced a pattern in the gravel with the toe of her boot as she said in a choked voice, "It's—it's almost too awful to tell you, but—oh, Bill, Vernon is a brute, he's—he's suing us in a divorce."

"Divorce! You and me?" he gasped.

"Yes, you and me—me and you," she reiterated wearily.

"Great Heavens!" said Letchworth simply.

He stood as if turned to stone, and as the full sense of her words sunk into his brain, the Devil, who never misses an opportunity, saw his chance, and obligingly pulled open his hitherto half-seeing eyes to their fullest extent; so that, whereas he had up till now seen Kitty only through blinds of long familiarity, he now saw her through the uncurtained windows of his awakened understanding, and lo! she was passing fair—and he loved her.

In fact, to such an extent did his sable majesty work upon his victim's usually well-ordered feelings, that poor Bill jumped to the wild conclusion that, if a man might but hold this lovely woman called Kitty in his arms, he might safely consider the rest of the world as of no account at all.

It is very possible that the same subtle agency also penetrated the recesses of Kitty's feminine and, therefore, complicated mind. At least, one hopes so; otherwise, there is no excuse for the look she gave Bill as she turned towards him and said simply:

"Well?"

Which short remark was peculiarly inappropriate, for he promptly stepped forward and, taking her in his arms for the second time, kissed her on the mouth.

(*Continued on page 126*)

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"Joy" at the Savoy

Mrs. Gwyn (*Miss Wynne Matthison*) to Maurice Lever (*Mr. Thalberg Corbett*): "Love me! Oh, love me!"

Joy (*Miss Dorothy Minto*): "Is love always like this?"
Dick Merton (*Mr. Allan Wade*): "It has never been like this before"

The above two photographs practically tell the story of the play. Joy, a young girl, learns with horror that her mother has taken a man into her life. There is a very painful scene between mother and daughter, in which each argues the case from her point of view. The inconclusive finale of the play is the consolation Joy finds in her own love for the man she is about to marry

Mr. A. E. George (*Colonel Hope*) **Miss Wynne Matthison** (*Mrs. Gwyn*) **Miss Florence Haydon** (*Miss Beech*)

Miss Henrietta Watson (*Mrs. Hope*) **Mr. Thalberg Corbett** (*Maurice Lever*) **Miss Dorothy Minto** (*Joy*)

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Joy: "I am very well, thank you!"

Joy, at the very first meeting with Maurice Lever, shows her dislike for him. She is jealous of the regard which her mother has for Maurice Lever

(Continued from page 125)

Which was very wrong indeed.

"Kitty," he said huskily, "do you care?"

. . . . .

"I really think I must stop you two piling up any more evidence. It makes the thing too absurdly easy, y'know."

There was no mistaking the studied insolence of the voice. The culprits leapt apart and stood awkwardly in the presence of their appreciative audience—Vernon Barron.

"It's all very touching and dramatic, but I fancy it's about time I shoved in my oar. You see, I am a somewhat interested party," he said, calmly. "May I suggest that you retire, Catherine, and leave us to discuss this somewhat complicated situation," he continued. "I can assure you there will be no violence so far as I am concerned."

Kitty looked hopelessly at her husband, who, leaning elegantly upon his stick, watched her, much as a man might watch a rabbit released from captivity into a strange field, where it crouches miserably, wondering whither it may fly. It was evident to Kitty that she would get no quarter in that direction, so, with a confused glance at Letchworth, she turned on her heel and left them together, to settle her fate between them as they might see fit; and Bill, seeing her bowed shoulders shaking with suppressed and hysterical sobs, ground his teeth and became filled with jealous hatred for Vernon Barron, upon whom he now turned savagely.

"Well," he growled. "What d'you mean to do now?"

"My dear Letchworth, you seem to think I habitually keep a nice little plan all ready for emergencies such as the present, but really there is no necessity; my wife, whom you appear to misjudge sadly, does not make a hobby of this sort of thing. Still, perhaps, you're not altogether mistaken—but might I suggest we move indoors before discussing the matter further; it is a little chilly standing out here?"

"Oh, I don't mind," muttered Letchworth, surlily, as he turned and led the way to his modest abode.

Neither man spoke again till they were together in Letchworth's little study, with carefully closed door.

Barron lolled backed in his chair and watched with critical interest the restless movements of his companion.

"Look here," broke out Letchworth suddenly, "I don't see why you need take much notice of this wretched business. I swear, before Heaven, I never so much as touched her hand in guiltiness before this morning—and, what's more, you know it, don't you?" he added savagely.

"And if I do?" drawled Barron at length.

"Then what, by all that's evil, does she mean by telling me this morning that you're naming me in a divorce?"

"Why shouldn't she tell you—since it's true?"

"True! What d'you mean? You know there's nothing wrong between her and me."

"How do I know?"

"Common sense. Anyway, you'd have to prove it; and as there's nothing in it, you can't."

"You silly fool. You despicable young fool," jeered Barron. "Hasn't she been out with you every morning for the last fortnight while I've been away, watching Heart o' the West's exercise, and hasn't your man always ridden him lately, and haven't you and she regularly walked home alone at an early hour when no one's about, and does it generally take an hour to walk down from the moor?"

"You know my knee's been bad. It's all right now, as it happens, and I shall ride again to-morrow. But it has been bad, as you know."

"Tell that to the Marines—or the Judge," scoffed the other. "Besides all this, there's something else, my friend; d'you mean to tell me you forget a certain unseasonable thunderstorm last month, during which my excellent wife sheltered in your house and got home at the respectable dinner-hour of half-past ten? Oh, my simple young friend, I shall have abundance of evidence."

"Look here, Barron," said Letchworth, stopping his rest'ess pacing and speaking very seriously; "are you merely rotting me for your own amusement, or are you in earnest?"

"I'm in sober earnest."

"But why—why—why? You *know* there's nothing wrong."

"Now then, young man," said Barron, "you sit down opposite me and listen to what I've got to say. I hate talking to a man who's standing when I'm sitting. That's right. Now for my little story. A certain man of my acquaintance has been trying for years past to win a certain big race—it's the Three Thousand, as a matter of fact—how that chair of yours does creak! This year my friend had a most promising youngster which goes by the name of Long John—yes, I've got a colt of that name myself—well, anyway, this pal of mine was certain of doing pretty big things with Long John, in fact he stood first in the betting, when all of a sudden a story goes round that some young fellow in the West Country has, by a stroke of pure luck, got hold of something that, according to all accounts, can beat Long John on three legs. So all my friend's years of trouble and expense look like going for nothing, just because this young chap has, by a most undeserved stroke of luck, got possessed of a better beast than his; rotten bad luck I call it!"

"But——" began Letchworth.

"Don't interrupt. Now, my pal isn't the sort of chap to take a facer like that lying down, so he set to work to find a way out of his difficulty, and being pretty well off, he came to the conclusion that he would offer his young, and I believe somewhat impecunious, rival no less than £500 for his horse."

"Five hundred pounds for Heart o' the West! Why it's absurd," burst out Bill.

"Who mentioned Heart o' the West?" said Barron, with elaborate surprise. "Still, as it happens, you're quite right, and the offer's open to you. Take it or leave it."

"Bah! I've no great difficulty in choosing."

"Well, which is it to be?" asked Barron quietly.

"Leave it, of course; why, I wouldn't sell that horse for—for——"

"Yes, for what?" queried Barron, as the other tailed off rather lamely under his mocking glance.

"Oh, for anything, then. But what the deuce are you staring at me like that for?"

"I was just wondering."

"Wondering? What about?"

"Whether you really wouldn't sell Heart o' the West for—anything."

"Look here, Barron," said Letchworth impatiently; "what the devil do you mean? Why can't you speak straight?"

"My dear fellow, you've no idea how much pleasure I am taking in our little interview, and if I spoke straight, as you call it, the whole thing would be over so soon—such a pity."

"Damn you!" shouted Letchworth, jumping up

(Continued on page 128)

Humorous Sculpture: THE LATEST FRENCH FAD

Colette Willy

"C.-B."

The British Premier (well known to Parisians) as a victim of "humorous sculpture"

Yvette Guilbert

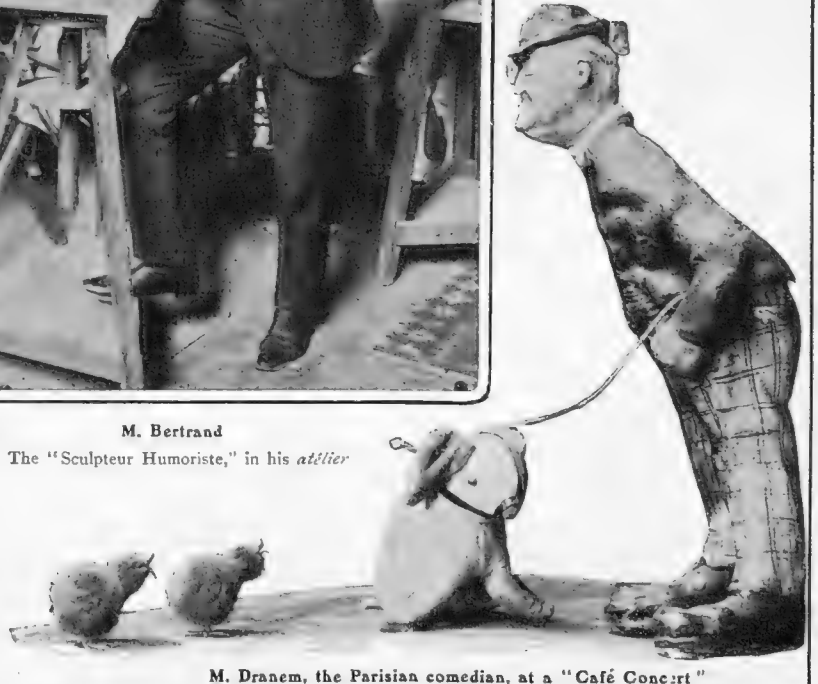
Paris possesses at the moment a new craze—humorous sculpture. There are three well-known exponents—MM. Bertrand, Gugraud, and Paquemal. Herewith are some specimens of the work of these artists. Whether their "humour" will convulse British critics is doubtful—having so much humorous sculpture in our own streets

M. Bertrand

The "Sculpteur Humoriste," in his *atélier*

M. Fallières, "au naturel"

An unusual aspect of the worthy President



M. Dranem, the Parisian comedian, at a "Café Concert"

(*Continued from page 126*)

from his chair. "See here, I take no pleasure in this interview, and I've had enough of it. You've got some infernal scheme up your sleeve; but you shan't have Heart o' the West, and that's my last word."

"And what about Kitty, my wife, you know?" drawled Barron, from his seat.

"Heavens! I—I'd forgotten," stammered Letchworth.

"So I supposed."

"I say, Barron, I'm sorry if I let myself go a bit just now. Fact is, I'm set heart and soul on taking that race with Heart o' the West, and I forgot myself."

"Ah, I suppose that means you will reconsider your opinion."

"Certainly not. Why on earth should I?"

"Then back we come to Kitty. Why will you keep going round in a circle—especially as you say you don't care for my company over much?"

"Kitty! What's she got to do with it—with my selling Heart o' the West, I mean?"

"Everything."

Barron leaned back in his chair, drumming irritatingly with his fingers on the table beside him, and narrowly watching Letchworth, who had moved over to the window, and with his back to his uncongenial companion was trying to collect his scattered wits. Suddenly he swung round so sharply, and with such a threatening air, that Barron leapt hurriedly from his seat.

"Great Heaven!" cried Letchworth. "You don't mean to say you're such a swine as to want to swop Kitty for Heart o' the West?"

Barron, safe behind a heavy chair, laughed pleasantly.

"My dear chap," he said coolly, "I'm not quite such a fool. Kitty's a very pretty young woman, y'know, and, what's more, she'll be a sight handsomer at thirty than she is to-day. No, no, my young friend, I hold all the cards, and it's not my way to let an opponent down too easily; though, honestly, I'm rather sorry for you—you're in such a hole. But I'm a selfish beggar; you see, one has to be in this hard world."

"What exactly do you mean?" asked Letchworth, very calm.

"'Pon my word, I don't think you'd better know till you've had something to eat," said Barron, moving towards the door. "Bad temper seems to go with an empty stomach in your case. Take my advice and make a good breakfast, and, meanwhile, think over these three little hints from one who knows. One: Kitty's county bred, and doesn't fancy the idea of a Divorce Court. Two: I've got eight thousand a year——"

"Will you go?" roared Letchworth, starting forward.

"And, thirdly:" said Barron, standing a moment in the doorway—"thirdly: You're jolly badly hit, old chap."

The door closed quietly, and Letchworth was alone. He rushed towards the door, but, remembering that he owed it to Kitty to avoid doing anything rash, he restrained himself, and throwing himself into a chair endeavoured to unravel this unpleasantly complicated knot which had suddenly made its appearance in the hitherto smooth and even thread of his life.

His thoughts wandered back to that dimly remembered day, many years ago, when, a sturdy youngster of three, he saw Kitty Melhuish, as she then was, for the first time. A pink, uproarious object in a mass of lace, she had not at first greatly attracted his notice, but as she grew older she gradually made her presence felt, and began to take a permanent place in his existence, successively serving him as obedient playmate, admiring companion of his school holidays, and, at last, as the object of his first and most serious attack of calf-love. The secret engagement between Mr. Letchworth, Senior's, fourth son, aged eighteen, and the fifteen-year-old daughter of an impecunious baronet having been brought to light, they parted amidst much secret and fairly genuine lamentation. He to Oxford and she to a Paris school, whence, emerging some three years later to take a kindly aunt's offer of a London season, she met Vernon Barron, and falling an easy victim to the glamour of his personal brilliance as well as his undoubted wealth, married him after a very short engagement.

All might have been well had not Bill Letchworth, unfortunately, rented a small farming property adjoining Barron's west-country estates, so that when the newly married pair arrived there to settle down, a year after their marriage, they found Letchworth already comfortably installed and making laudable endeavours to squeeze money out of a modern farm.

Barron was not displeased to find that Kitty and his neighbour were old and intimate friends, for he was a person of an altogether worldly mind, and reflected that Kitty would have some employment for the idle hours accorded to her by the frequent intervals of absence on business in which her husband found it necessary to indulge.

Barron's selfish suppositions were not without rather more foundation than he either suspected or required.

Kitty and her old friend Bill were wont, in the absence of her busy spouse, to pass many pleasant and innocent hours in one another's company. Indeed, so enjoyable did they mutually find their companionship, that while Kitty allowed herself pleasantly to drift along the rosy stream of semi flirtation, the serious-minded Bill was beginning to ask himself whether he had after all been right in somewhat contemptuously condemning his former attachment as an attack of common calf-love.

This morning's events had effectually answered his question, and so clouded was his brain by the sudden flare of the smouldering embers of his passion, as well as his angry jealousy of Barron, that he sat long, breakfastless and miserable, without coming to any conclusion as to the meaning of Barron's spitefully veiled threats.

Once during his long sitting, old Mrs. Mead, his housekeeper, had appeared to see when he would commence his neglected breakfast, but the poor old lady had been chased forth by such a volley of tempestuous and ugly words that she had not ventured again to disturb her usually placid and good-tempered master. It was past noon when she once more approached his room, and, with a timid tap at the door, announced that Mrs. Barron wished to speak to him.

"Oh, yes. Show her in," said Letchworth, hurriedly.

A silent and subdued Kitty entered, and her great black eyes, dark-circled from heavy weeping, her white, tired face, and the sadness of her pretty mouth formed a picture, very miserable, it is true, but also eminently lovable. As she moved towards him every line in her face, every movement of her supple figure, seemed to Letchworth to be pleading for his support and protection; driven by his passion, he flung good resolves to the winds and was ready for anything.

"Kitty," he cried, huskily, "so you've come to me!"

"No, no," she cried, recoiling from him, "not

(*Continued on page 130*)

A Welcome Return

Miss Ellis Jeffreys as Grace Pemberton in "The Sugar Boat," produced at the Queen's

This is the first appearance in London of Miss Ellis Jeffreys since her lengthy visit in America. She is appearing, together with Mr. Frederick Kerr, in the season inaugurated by her husband, Mr. Herbert Sleath, at London's latest and beautiful playhouse just opened by Mr. J. E. Vedrenne

Photo *Lallie Charles*

(*Continued from page 128*

that—oh, Heaven, not that! I—I've brought this from Vernon."

Letchworth silently took the note she held out and read it carefully.

I expect to know by six o'clock to-night at the club, whether or not you accept my terms for the sale of Heart o' the West. I strongly advise you, in your own interest, and in that of others, who need not be mentioned, to comply.

Yours,
VERNON BARRON.

"Curse him!" he said. "Curse him for the meanest, the dirtiest, the most contemptible cur that has ever been allowed to disgrace a man's body." Suddenly his manner changed, and his words came pouring out in a torrent. "But we'll beat him, Kitty, won't we? You love me—me—don't you, Kitty? You as good as said so this morning. Let him go and get his divorce — we'll win the Three Thousand with my sweet Heart o' the West, and we'll laugh at him." He put out his hand towards her. "Why, Kitty, what?"

"Oh, Bill," she cried out, shrinking back, "no, no! Oh, don't you see—I can't stand it—I should die if I were divorced—I can't, I can't!"

Beside himself, Letchworth seized her roughly by the shoulder.

"What d'you mean? D'you mean to say you love that beast still?"

"Oh, no, no, but——"

"There is no *but*; either you love him or me."

"How dare you say such a thing," she flared out. "I never said anything of the kind."

"My God!" he cried, towering over her in his wrath; "haven't you been telling me all this last month, by glance and by touch of hand, what I, in my stupid honesty, have been too blind to see till now? D'you mean to say you didn't mean to make me love you? If not, what in Heaven's name did you mean?"

"Ah, ah," she whimpered, her face in her hands, "can't you see it's all so different now?"

"Different—what's different?"

"I—I didn't realise what it would all mean."

"In fact, you're a common, light flirt."

"No," she half screamed, as if he had hit her, "I did really think I loved you, but—but——"

"But?"

She was silent.

"But?" he questioned inexorably.

"Oh, I don't know," she whimpered miserably.

"But I'm too poor—is that it?" he said bitterly.

She looked up into his face and he saw her eyes were swimming with tears. With a piteous little gesture, she flung out her hands.

"Oh, you are cruel to me," she wailed. "Bill, I didn't think you could be such a brute."

Poor, simple Bill Letchworth couldn't stand this

"Kitty, Kitty, my darling," he cried, "good heavens, I am sorry. Kitty, forgive me!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she repelled him with, "No, you mustn't. I should make a fool of myself—forget myself."

"And so you shall," he cried, stepping towards her, but she eluded him, and, skipping round to the other side of the table, stood breathlessly watching him.

Letchworth pulled himself together with an effort.

"Look here, Kitty," he said, trying to keep his voice calm, "we must consider this matter coolly. Sit down in that chair, and I'll sit over here, and we'll try and think it out."

"Now, then," he went on, when she had obeyed him, "the position seems to be this. You do not love your husband, and you know he does not love you; yet you ask me, who do love you with my whole soul, to make a tremendous double sacrifice in order to save you the discomfort of appearing in the Divorce Court. Looking at it coldly, and from a worldly point of view, does it strike you as a reasonable thing to ask of me? By my refusal I gain the two things I want most in the world at the present moment. Almost certain victory in the Three Thousand and—your sweet self."

He had been looking away from her purposely while speaking, and now turned to find her with her head between her clenched hands on the table, silently crying.

"Kitty, Kitty," he cried, leaning over and touching her hand. "Life wouldn't be so very bad with me, would it?"

"Ah, ah," she cried hysterically, "it would kill me—it would kill me!"

He looked at her dark head buried in her hands, her slender frame shaken by the tearing sobs, and then said slowly:

"So I must make my sacrifice, Kitty."

She sobbed more violently.

"Kitty," he went on, a little brokenly—"Kitty, I'm not good at making sacrifices. I shall muck my life after this."

"Oh! no, no," she whispered, her face still hidden.

"Yes," he replied heavily.

For a few seconds he sat watching her, waiting for her to speak; and then, as she made no sign, his face suddenly stiffened, and, throwing back his chair, he walked steadily over to the writing-desk. He found a block of telegraph forms, wrote a hurried message, and, tearing off the sheet, walked across to Kitty and touched her shoulder.

She looked up and, seeing the cold aloofness of his manner, began again to sob weakly.

"Come, come," he said roughly, "here's your reprieve. Read it out and make sure you have it right."

She took the form and read wearily:

Barron, Opposition, London.

I accept your terms, you cur.—LETCHWORTH.

"That's correct," he said; "and now—I hate to hurry any visitor of mine away, but I—er—I have some packing to do. Good-bye."

She rose from her chair and moved slowly to the door, which he was holding open for her, but as she was passing through, and endeavoured to return his cold bow, she broke down and turned to him impulsively—

"Oh, Bill," she cried, piteously, "why must we part like this? Won't you be kind to me?"

He looked at her dully—then gravely thrust his hand into his pocket—

"Oh, I forgot," he said, "the wire will cost sixpence."

"Oh, Bill, Bill, how cruel you can be!" she cried, and then the door slammed and she was gone.

Letchworth heard her cross the little hall, the fumbling of a latch, the crash of the front door, and—silence.

"Oh, my God," he cried, in a broken sob, and reeling to the sofa, flung himself down and buried his face among the cushions.

He was still in the same position when, twenty minutes later, the curious young postmistress looked up from scrutinising a telegram just left at the little office by Kitty Barron, and said to her husband—

"She's been very careful to black over these last two words—I cant read 'em at all."

REGINALD RAYNER.

Riverside Halting-Places: Whitchurch

Photo *Callcott*

Whitchurch Lock is familiar to river-goers as the halting-place for Pangbourne, which it adjoins. The church shown in the photograph is a very quaint building, with a wooden steeple of unusual appearance

Trapping in the Rockies

DIFFICULT SNAPSHOTS OF SOME RARE SPECIMENS

A Fine Specimen of the Wild Cat
The creature has been caught in a trap set up in a tree

Trapping a Lynx
Both the Lynx and the Wild Cat have huge "pads," which are easily discernible in the snow

Photos supplied *Graphic Photo Union*

A Young Bear Caught in the Springtime

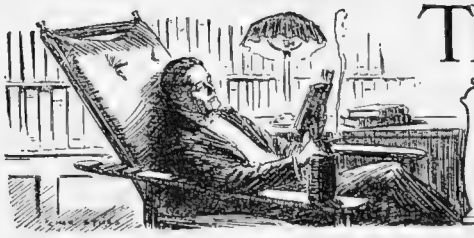
Trapping wild animals is an exciting pastime, but so valuable are the skins of many of them, that the prizes which fall to the successful hunter are well worth the risk and trouble involved. The above photographs of wild animals in a state of captivity are interesting, having been taken under great difficulties in a very wild region

Inaccessible !

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A PICTURESQUE SNAPSHOT

The kid has been trapped into an almost inaccessible position. The great height at which it crouches may be gauged by glancing at the dark spots on the bottom right-hand corner, which are the tops of tall fir trees



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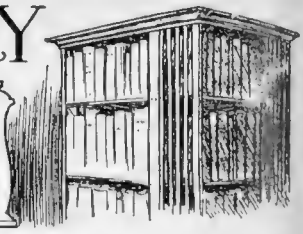


Books of the Week

"Conclusions of an Everyday Woman." By Hildegarde Gordon Brown. (Lane: 6*s.*)

"The Stooping Lady." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Sultan and His Subjects." By Richard Davey.

Mary Stuart's Re-trial

Mr. Andrew Lang's recent article in *Blackwood's*, "New Light on Mary Queen of Scots," has, it seems, reopened the perennial controversy as to the unfortunate Queen's complicity in the murder of Darnley. Mary, one would think, endured enough in her lifetime of trial and punishment; in re-stating the cause and re-sifting the evidence, Posterity is not behaving exactly as a gentleman towards a beautiful and long-suffering lady. Mr. Lang's attitude, however, proves that there is, at any rate, one chivalrous man engaged on the trial. Black as history has left the case against Mary, whose deliberate complicity in the murder of her husband by Bothwell, whom she subsequently married, has never been satisfactorily controverted, Mr. Lang has not been deterred. The new light he has discovered is—Queen Elizabeth. Most people have associated the "Virgin Queen" with Mary's career subsequent to the death of Darnley rather than previous to it. Mr. Lang boldly suggests that she was not merely the avenger of Mary's wrong-doing, but the first cause of it. Darnley, the handsome fool, was, it is suggested by study of some papers in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, deliberately thrown into Mary's path by Elizabeth to tempt her. Glad as I am to see Mary's character championed so valiantly and so cleverly by so eminent a man as Mr. Lang, this revelation of Queen Elizabeth in the new rôle of *agent provocateur* does not seem to help Mary much. I expect that lady would rather figure before posterity as the deliberate accomplice to the murder than as the mere dupe of her Royal rival and persecutor.

"Conclusions of an Everyday Woman"

Conclusions of an Everyday Woman (Lane: 6*s.*). Truly a fascinating title, and a no less fascinating book. When an everyday woman has the ability to come to conclusions, and the energy and the courage to express them in writing, then depend on it we have something that gets as near to the truth about things as it is possible to get in a complex age. Mrs. Hildegarde Gordon Brown, writing as a woman experienced in the domesticities, has a good deal to say that is shrewdly sensible on a wide variety of subjects. She descants wisely and gracefully in defence of middle-classdom, of marriage, of middle age, of "shop"—in fact, on a score of topics usually regarded by her clever sisters as too utterly *bourgeois*. Mrs. Brown convinces us that there is a good deal of philosophy to be extracted from the commonplace experiences and the mundane duties. She is, withal, witty; she has a lot of anecdote; and, altogether, seems to have a breezy, delightful personality. Her book is one of the brightest collections of essays published since Mr. John Lane issued the "Champagne Standard."

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER, THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN"

From a photograph taken specially for "The Bystander"

Tom Hood's Birthplace at Wanstead, immortalized in the well-known poem above quoted, is now being demolished

It is difficult to glance at the picture of the house without a tear of regret at its disappearance, to make way, probably, for some outrage in red brick

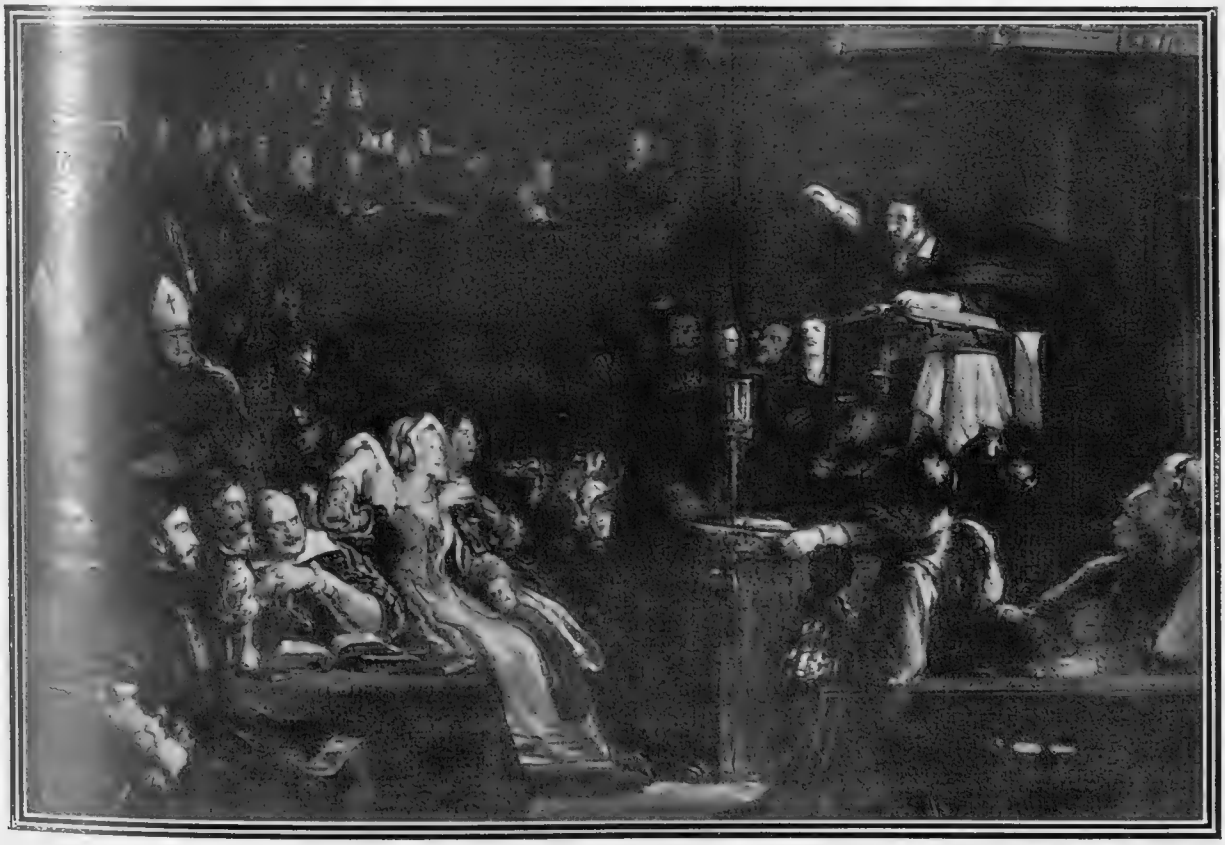
Concerning Mary Stuart

WAS SHE WICKED?
WAS SHE BEAUTIFUL?

QUESTIONS WHICH CONTINUE TO VEX THE HISTORIANS

The Night of Riccio's Murder [*From the painting by E. M. Ward, R.A.*

Darnley, accompanied by Murray, Ruthven, Morton, and other Protestant chiefs, break into Mary's private room, and hold her back while Riccio, her chief Minister, is murdered. In this picture, the artist, Mr. E. M. Ward, conveys the impression that Mary was decidedly beautiful. Whether she was or not is the subject of a keen controversy; judging from portraits of the period, many people have concluded that the Queen was not. Mary's guilt of the murder of Darnley, her husband, has also long been discussed. Mr. Andrew Lang has, lately, been endeavouring to clear the Queen of odium, attributing her connivance, if it existed, to the malevolent promptings of Queen Elizabeth, her subsequent persecutor



From the painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

John Knox Preaching Before Mary Stuart in St. Andrews

Twaddle in Literature

Mr. Keble Howard's little books, such as *The Jester's Window* (Hodder: 6*s.*), have a wonderfully restraining influence on the individual who might be led into the momentary delusion that the world is getting wiser. Mr. Howard's method is to reproduce, exactly as he hears them, the little everyday conversations between the people that pass among us. To secure them, he must spend quite a lot of time on the tops of 'buses and at railway stations, must tarry in tea-shops, and keep an almost inquisitively open ear for the little nothings dropped by those near whom he lunches and dines. He must be a dangerous man to ask to one's house; the "silly nonsense" he has set down here and there may have been overheard between the bacon and the marmalade of one's own breakfast-table!

Mr. Hewlett Becomes Nearly Modern

Mr. Maurice Hewlett is coming—coming nearer and nearer to the age in which he is pleased to live. Leaving Chaucer and Mary Stuart and mediæval Italy, he has, in *The Stooping Lady* (Macmillan: 6*s.*), swept over the centuries, and effected a safe landing at the beginning of the last of them. But, though almost modern in period—this is a story of high life in the days of the Regency, telling of the robust passion of a high-born young woman for a brave and handsome butcher lad—Mr. Hewlett retains throughout that air of detachment, that strongly personal style which has earned him the admiration of the critics of to-day. The manner in which the high-born young woman—Miss Hermia Mary Chambre—gains the aforementioned passion for the butcher is that she is the witness of a scuffle outside Caryll House, Pall Mall, wherein the butcher righteously chastises a dissolute peer (Lord Morfa, the heroine's own uncle) for wickedly killing a horse. The young fellow is sent to jail and badly treated for doing what any right-minded man would have done, but he is released, and lives to be made aware of the devotion of his aristocratic admirer, also to win his political spurs as a Reformer, in which cause he suffers, ultimately, a sort of martyrdom.

An Interesting Book About Turkey

Many books have lately been written about Turkey. These have, on the whole, been either brief tourist impressions or political propaganda. Sympathetic sidelights on Turkish life and the national character are so rare that I am glad to receive a second edition of Mr. Richard Davey's *The Sultan and His Subjects*. I know of no recent volume which understands the Turk so intelligently, which allows for his peculiarities so sympathetically. Mr. Davey gives us one of the few really reliable descriptions of life in the harem, and of matrimonial conditions in Turkey. His descriptions of life in Pera, Stambul, and Galatia appreciate nicely the differing conditions of life in the three divisions of Constantinople. Politically, the author is fair to the Turk, yet Christianist in his hopes as to his ultimate reformation:—

> A Protectorate [he says] of some kind, or dismemberment and practical elimination, must, before many years have gone by, be the inevitable fate of the once proud and powerful Ottoman Empire.

VIVIAN CARTER.

At the Dairy Show: Miss A. L. Nisbet participating in the milking contest

The competitions in milking and butter-making excited widespread interest, and men and women, boys and girls, came from all parts of the kingdom to take part in them. For butter-making there were just 200 entries, and for milking 135, of these latter sixty-six being men and sixty-nine women. The Lady Mayoress, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, presented the prizes at the conclusion of the contests on Friday afternoon

Golf Notes and Notions

The Revision of the Rules

I do not envy the task upon which a sub-committee of the Rules of Golf Committee are at present engaged. As in the case of the government of Ireland, the history of the rules of golf is a history of failures. Whether this is the fault of the governed or the governing I must leave to wiser heads than mine to decide. It is in either case a "fine point," as the Gilbertian Chancellor observed. One has the melancholy feeling at each fresh revision of the rules of any game that some point has been overlooked or not foreseen, which in a short time will render obsolete the labours of the reviser, however cunningly and finely he may have woven his network of rules. Some fish is sure to splash through an opening some fine day, and then the whole business of revision has to be taken in hand again. We have apparently reached such a stage in golf, and no doubt before long we shall all be discussing the proposed new code of rules, and doing our best to pick holes in it. For the moment there is a brief breathing space, and I take the opportunity of airing some pet grievances of mine, in the remote hope that the august eyes of the revisers may see these notes and find some food for reflection in them.

The Casual Water Rule

First and foremost, I do hope that the rule about casual water will be made a logical whole, and that the difference between the treatment meted out to casual water on the course and on the putting green will be eliminated. Personally, I should have no objection to casual water being treated throughout as an ordinary water hazard. But if a man is to be allowed to drop to the side of casual water throughout the course, then I think he should be accorded a similar privilege in the case of casual water on the putting green. The rule which was proposed a few years ago by the Rules of Golf Committee, and which was rejected by the General Meeting of the Royal and Ancient, struck me as a very fair solution of the difficulty. But the present rule is a miserable and unsatisfactory patchwork and compromise. Let us go back to the older rule, or make the present rule a fair one.

The Line of the Putt

The next point I should like made clear is the rule about pointing out the line of the putt. It seems to me monstrous that a man should be liable to the loss of the hole if his partner or caddie puts his club on the ground on the further side of the hole. I would suggest that the difficulty might be met by defining the line of the putt as only applying to any ground between the ball and the hole. Such refinements as putts which have to be made up a slope on the further side of a hole may well be left out of consideration. But I feel very strongly that the much-discussed decision of the Rules of Golf Committee has given an extension of meaning to the words, "line of the putt" and "must not touch the ground" in Rule 19, which was never contemplated by the compilers of the rule.

Rule 24

My next quarrel is with Rule 24, which says that "When a player has holed out and his opponent has been left with a putt for the half, nothing that the player can do shall deprive him of the half which he has already gained." A case arose in which the ball of a player who was playing the odd struck the opponent's ball, lying within a few inches of the hole, set the opponent's ball in motion, and went into the hole itself. The player then rushed up and struck away his opponent's ball while still in motion. Now, under Rule 21 the player would clearly lose the hole, and I hold that, even with Rule 24 taken into consideration, he still loses the hole. But then he may say, "I have secured the half by holing out, and nothing I can do can deprive me of that half." It would surely be best to excise Rule 24 altogether, and rely upon Rule 21, which makes ample provision for all proper cases.

Rules 26 and 27

Finally, I come to Rules 26 and 27, which strike me as very confused and complicated in wording. The point I would like to put is this. What, under those rules, is the proper penalty in the following case? A player in a foursome has a long run-up putt to negotiate. He has addressed himself to the ball, and is in the act of striking. Instead of his club going back from the ball, it slips forward and sets the ball in motion, but his mind is so intent on making the stroke that he is unable to desist from hurriedly striking the ball. I have seen two decisions given. In the one case my partner and I were the sufferers to the extent of the loss of the hole. I was the criminal, and our adversaries at once claimed the hole on the ground that the moment I had set the ball in motion I had made a stroke, and that by again striking the ball I had played when my partner ought to have done so. Therefore, under Rule 4, which says, "If a player play when his partner should have done so, his side shall lose the hole," we had lost the hole. We had no option but to admit the penalty. I was, therefore, interested to see an exactly similar occurrence in a foursome competition this year at Sandwich. None of the players seemed clear as to the proper penalty. The partner of the offending player opined that his side had lost the hole, while the adversaries contended that the proper penalty was the loss of a stroke. Ultimately, the loss of a stroke was settled upon as the penalty. I have a very clear opinion that the right penalty was inflicted in my case, but as one of the players in the more recent Sandwich case was a member of the Rules Committee, and opted for the stroke penalty, it is fairly evident that Rules 26 and 27 merit the careful scrutiny of the revisers.

The confusing words are, "when not intending to make a stroke" in Rule 26, which might well be altered into "when not in the act of making a stroke" An intention can never be accurately defined, but an act can. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Plant Growing by Electric Light

It is to be hoped that the experiments concerning the growth of plants under electrical influence, which the Royal Botanic Society is undertaking at Regent's Park, will throw a little light on this fascinating subject. Hitherto, such experiments have been carried out in a more or less desultory way by private individuals, often with little scientific knowledge. Wires have been stretched along rows of plants, in some cases the electricity being provided by metal plates buried in the ground, and in others by tall conductors intended to draw supplies from the atmosphere. The electric light has also been used at night to lengthen the hours of growth, and many other devices have been tried. But owing to the want of system, the results have so far been very indefinite. That electricity plays an important part in the vegetable world is certain. Over thirty years ago M. du Moncel described before the French Academy some interesting experiments in connection with trees, arriving at the conclusion that they are all conductors, and that their conductivity is proportional to the amount of fluid which they contain. Under such circumstances, we should naturally expect that the plants most susceptible to electrical influence would be those of a sappy nature, and this appears to be in accordance with facts, notably in the case of lettuces. Moreover, when these plants are kept growing at night by means of artificial light, their progress is remarkably rapid. They reach marketable size, apparently without loss of crispness or flavour, in far less time than if they were allowed to develop naturally. The chief point to determine here is the cost. If the gain in time is more than sufficient to compensate for the additional expense, the cultivation of lettuces in this way will commend itself to large growers.

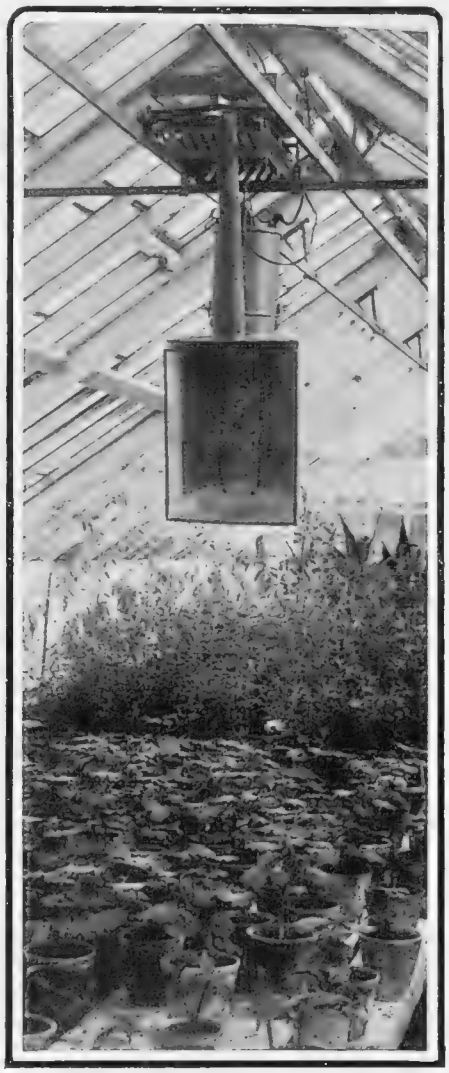


Photo *Bastin*

The New Electric Light Culture Experiments at the Botanic Gardens: View showing the light apparatus

Electricity and Flowering Plants

Some years ago, M. Lucien Harancourt tried the effect of the electric light on lilacs which he was forcing, and he found that by its means he was able to make them flower in about fifteen days, instead of twenty-five. Probably, similar results might be obtained with other plants. But this treatment has the serious disadvantage that they are practically useless afterwards. Unable to get their natural rest at night, they necessarily make very weak growth; and, though this does not matter much in the case of such plants as lettuces, it utterly spoils plants which are cultivated for their flowers. For this reason electric radiators, sometimes recommended for conservatories, must be condemned. I speak from experience, having given them a fair trial. They give out so little heat that they are very expensive, and so much light that the plants, deprived of their nightly rest, are kept growing incessantly, and are injured in consequence. In this direction the Royal Botanic Society cannot hope to succeed, but if it experiments with such plants as lettuces, or explores the mysterious connections between electricity and the various vegetable processes, it may perform a valuable work. How strange these connections sometimes are may be seen, for example, in Phytolacea electrica, a plant which gives a sensible shock to a person who touches it.

H. C. Davidson.

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RACING NOTIONS

DUKE OF YORK STAKES AND CESAREWITCH By CARBINE

Tirara's Surprising Success

Those connected with Tirara's stable may not have been surprised at her easy success at Kempton Park on Saturday, but nearly everyone else was. When the filly ran at Manchester she was well beaten into third place, All Black finishing two lengths in front of her; but in the Duke of York Stakes her display was vastly different, and the form with All Black was reversed in an extraordinary way. Most people were agreed that Roseate Dawn was "well in" at the weights. He looked very fit, was heavily supported by the public and the people associated with his stable, and was undoubtedly expected to have much to do with the finish. Yet he ran very badly, and never once looked like winning. Dinneford, also freely backed, threatened danger until the weight told upon him, but there was really nothing to trouble Tirara.

Advance, Australia!

The outsider was practically always in front, and this "20 to 1 chance," to the disgust of backers, rolled home with a lot in hand. This much can be said, that she comes from the same stable as Malua, whose chance last week I ranked next to Roseate Dawn's, and the fact that Tirara had beaten Malua in a trial a few days previously, and was started in preference to him, may have given a few people a hint as to the result. The race was really a triumph for Australia, from whence hails the winner's owner, Mr. Spencer Gollan, a very well-known figure in the world of sport. Tirara's jockey, Bullock, is also an Australian, and she was bred from an Australian mare. Will she win the Cambridgeshire as well? She has to put up a 10lb. penalty; but that may not stop her. Perhaps, however, Malua will be the stable's choice for the Newmarket race. In any case, the chosen one will have to be reckoned with, while All Black will also come into further favour by reason of his bold display on Saturday. Personally, my faith is still with **Sagamore.**

An Exciting Two-Year-Old Race

The Duke of Westminster is not so keen about racing as his grandfather was, not at least about flat-racing, and I know that he would far rather ride a winner of the Grand National—did only his weight permit—than see his popular "yellow and black" carried to victory in the Derby. Yet he has the notable Turf traditions of the Grosvenors behind him, and he is bent on breeding the best horses that he can. Very satisfactory is it, therefore, to find him with a real smasher like Vamose, who, I believe, will turn out even better than Troutbeck. True, the colt could only make a dead-heat with Lesbia at Kempton on Friday, but he would have beaten her had he not lost a little ground at the start. Anyway, I am sure there is more scope for improvement in Vamose than there is in the compact and "set" Lesbia. What a grand finish it was! For the last quarter of a mile Vamose and Lesbia struggled desperately for the mastery, and then the Minera colt came pelting along at a terrific pace when it was just too late. We have not seen a grander two-year-old race this year.

Cesarewitch Forecast

And now a last word or two about the Cesarewitch. We have seen Baltinglass become a stronger favourite than ever, and many people seem scarcely to entertain the idea of his defeat. Anyone with the merest knowledge of racing must recognise that the colt holds a very big chance at the weights, and the way he has covered the ground in his recent gallops on the Heath engenders still greater confidence in him. But it is asking a great deal of the youngster to meet a four-year-old like Demure, whose staying powers are undoubted, at even weights. We know that Demure is in grand fettle just now, and in spite of the rage for Baltinglass, the filly has been heavily backed, and I, for one, believe in her as firmly as ever. Madame de Soubise is the latest Newmarket "tip" for a place but I should prefer Radium. Such as Wuffy and Royal Dream ought, as the handicap goes, to be beaten by **Demure,** and I expect this filly to win. BALTINGLASS will surely be good enough to run into the first three, and RADIUM may also get a place.

The Middle Park Plate

That historic race, the Middle Park Plate, looks like being an interesting affair on Friday. Miranda and Araminta can take on the Kempton rivals, Vamose and Lesbia, and other good youngsters can compete. My selection is **Miranda.** On Thursday I hope to see **Sagamore** win the Challenge Stakes, **Larig** should secure the Lowther Stakes, and **Kilcarbry** the Prendergast Stakes.

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Games and Pastimes

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RUGBY FOOTBALL

Rugger and the Paying Public

I have often noticed that Rugby footballers, as a class, are remarkably intolerant of the suggestion that the welfare of their game depends in any way upon the support of the outside public, and, therefore, when "Judex" wrote in the *Sportsman* of Oct. 7 that Rugby football is "kept alive by a paying public," I wondered how long the statement would be left unchallenged. Nor was I left to wonder for long. The expected letter, repudiating the suggestion of "Judex," and inviting him to withdraw it, was at once forthcoming, and duly appeared in the *Sportsman* two days later. The writer (himself an old player) asserts that the game is kept alive "by boys and young men who want healthy and pleasurable exercise in their leisure, and by those who remember the good fun they had when they were able to play themselves. And," he adds, "the paying public is merely an incident, and is by no means as essential as your contributor seems to insinuate." All this is perfectly true, so far as it goes. Every game depends primarily for its existence upon those who actually play it, and upon the amount of benefit, in the form of healthy exercise, enjoyment, or what not, which its votaries derive from it. If it is a good game, and satisfies their wants, it lives. And, therefore, "Judex" was, perhaps, not quite happy in the choice of an expression when he said that the game is "kept alive" by the paying public. What he probably meant was, that the game depends for its position as one of the leading games—one might say *the* leading winter game—of England upon the support of the paying public; and if that was his meaning I think he is undoubtedly right. In these days, no game, if it wishes to attain, or keep, a foremost place, can afford to dispense with public support.

Sir Herbert Mackworth-Praed, Bart.

Who has just offered a handsome challenge trophy for miniature rifle shooting, to be competed for by members of the clubs affiliated to the Association of Conservative Clubs, of which organisation he is Chairman. Sir Herbert represented Colchester in the House of Commons from 1874 to 1880, and played a leading part in the formation of the Association of Conservative Clubs some thirteen years ago

A Protest and a Warning

It has always struck me that Rugby Unionists might, with very little trouble, double and even treble the amount of public support which they receive, especially in matches of comparatively minor importance. They charge the public for admission, but on many grounds the public get nothing at all in return for their money beyond the privilege of watching the game itself, and for this they often have to wait for a quarter of an hour or more beyond the advertised time for beginning. Nor, when play has begun, is there any means of telling who the players are, or, if the teams' names happen to have been published in the papers, whether there are any changes from the advertised list. Sometimes reserved seats are available, but even these are seldom under cover; while, for the Press, a trestle table and a few chairs out in the open are regarded almost as a refinement of luxury and there are many enclosures where there is absolutely no Press accommodation at all. Of course, there are well-appointed grounds, like the Athletic Ground at Richmond, though these form quite a small minority. But the Athletic Ground managers, having adopted the policy of doing something more for their public than letting them walk in and look on for an outlay of 1*s.*, have secured a more or less regular following which is not solely attributable to the prowess of their tenants, the Richmond and London Scottish Clubs; and I cannot understand why their example has not been followed (in however tentative a fashion) more largely elsewhere.

A New Paper for the World of Games

I have been asked to acquaint my readers with the fact that a new illustrated paper, entitled *Amateur Sport*, will make its first appearance on the 24th inst., and will be published weekly, thereafter, every Thursday. As its name implies, it will be devoted to Amateur games and pastimes according to their season, and during the forthcoming winter will deal principally with Amateur Football (Rugby and Association), Hockey, Golf, and Lacrosse, as well as with Lawn Tennis, Tennis, Racquets, etc. Besides news and criticism of current events, it will contain articles by experts in the various games enumerated, and will be printed on art paper and well illustrated. Its price will be threepence, and it will be published by Odhams, Ltd., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

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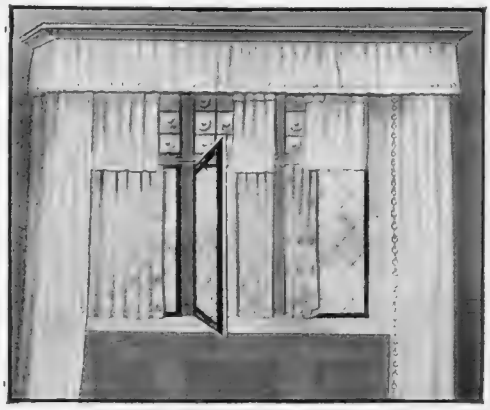

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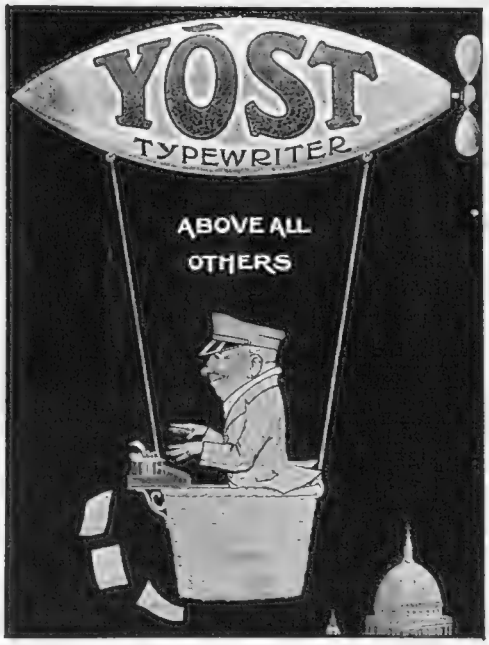

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Car-icature—No. XLVIII.: Mr. A. Huntley Walker

One of the most indefatigable of motorists, Mr. Huntley Walker, who is the subject of this week's Car-icature, is noted for the strong pertinacity with which he pursues the various objects engaging his attention. A few weeks ago a car he was driving at Brooklands ran off the track and overturned, its driver being severely shaken in consequence. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Walker set out a few days later for Paris, and, *en route*, had the misfortune to crash through the gates of a level crossing while travelling at high speed. This time the motorist fractured several ribs, but, although swathed in bandages, was to be seen again at the steering-wheel, guiding his favourite Darracq round the course as cheerfully as ever. More recently, Mr. Walker's name has been much in evidence in connection with a certain £10,000 challenge which has been freely advertised by a certain section of the Press, but from which, so far, no practical result has emanated. D. M.

Car-icature—No. XLVIII.: Mr. A. Huntley Walker

The indefatigable motorist, whose car was recently overturned at Brooklands. The interest Mr. Walker has taken in Mr. S. F. Edge's £10,000 challenge has lately attracted much attention

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

The Olympia Show, which opens on November 11, will contain some important new departures, and it is already apparent that the 1907 Show will mark a pronounced advance in the history of British automobile construction. Formerly, the motor-car was the rich man's plaything, and manufacturers laid themselves out to pander to the taste for expensive luxury. But this phase has passed. The "rich man market" has been exploited to the full. Fortunately, the British manufacturer is unusually long-sighted, and for some time almost every important British house has been turning its attention to the cheaper car, with the object of selling to the thousand where before it sold to the hundred. The wisdom of this step is evident from the growing importance of the industry in England, while, in most foreign countries, through neglect of this, embarrassment is becoming apparent.

* * *

True, the Americans have been busy at the same game, and, with their usual energy, have flooded foreign markets with cheap cars. But the American cheap "runabout" is not the type of car that Europeans hanker after; and, indeed, in no part of the world outside of the United States is there very much enthusiasm displayed towards cheap American designs. They sell because they are cheap, and because Yankee push enables them to get placed in the remotest parts, where the purchaser has only Hobson's choice. Leaving out the American cheap car, therefore, from our calculations, it is important to note that no other country of any pretensions in the world of automobilism has yet realised that the demand for motor-cars, though growing rapidly, is for a less expensive vehicle, less expensive in its primary cost and more economical in its upkeep and consumption.

* * *

The Olympia Exhibition will reveal some astonishing advances in the art of motor construction, astonishing because in nearly every instance the exhibits will display really high-class engineering, offered at a price which gives most marvellous value to the purchaser. At from £300 to £500, first-rate cars can be purchased—superior to those offered only three years ago at double the price—and below those figures will be found many excellent little cars, and fast ones, too. The day of the freak car has passed, so that purchasers are not made to feel that they are having the privilege of paying for the experiments of the manufacturer. There is every reason to believe that the 1907 Exhibition will break every past record, aye, in spite of bad times, for the Olympia Show has become the Mecca of the motor world, and the pilgrims hasten thither from all parts.

* * *

That the British motor industry is proceeding generally on healthy lines is extremely satisfactory, considering the state of the industry on the Continent. In France many firms are in a shaky state—in fact, just managing to exist until after the Grand Palais *Salon*, where their last forlorn hope lies. The French manufacturers have enormous stocks on hand through having over-produced, while they have

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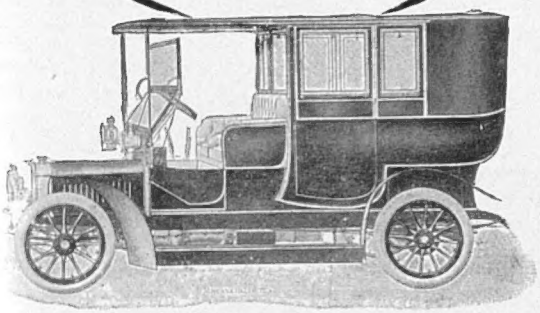

"Morgan" Limousine-Landaulette Body on "Adler" Chassis, fitted with "Cromwell" Patent Folding Wind-Screen.

Devil's Elbow and Kirkstone Pass!

By Appointment to H.M. The King. By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

Asfordby Hall,
Melton Mowbray,
September 12th, 1907.

Dear Mr. Instone,

Just back from Scotland and the North. I must send you a line and tell you how well my 30-55 h.p. Daimler ran. I had no trouble of any sort, and had not even a screw to touch of any sort or kind. A better car than a Daimler I could not wish for. The Devil's Elbow in Scotland and the Kirkstone Pass in Westmoreland it ran up like a cork, and I believe they are 1 in 6 or 7.

Yours truly,
(Signed) L. E. Lowther.

THE —
Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.

COVENTRY: Daimler Works.

LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate.
NOTTINGHAM: 96-98, Derby Road.
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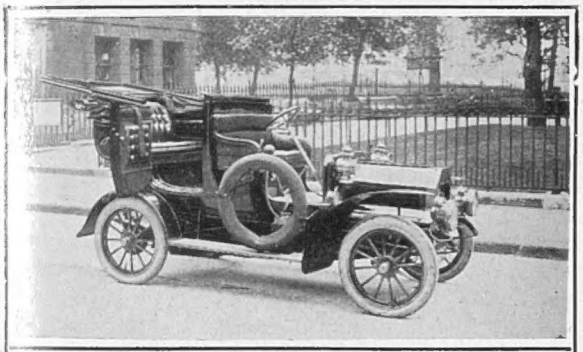

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The RENOWNED REO

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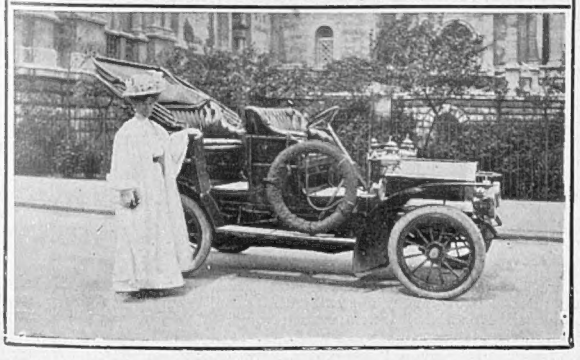

SWEEPING REDUCTION

IN THE PRICES OF

CONTINENTAL TYRES

A FEW SPECIMEN PRICES FROM OUR No. 14 LIST:

	SIZE.	OLD PRICE. £	s.	d.	NEW PRICE. £	s.	d.
Square Tread and "Model de Course" Pattern.	710 x 90	8	10	0	6	12	11
	935 x 135	18	0	6	14	18	6
Armoured Tread, Non-Skid Cover.	895 x 135	15	18	8	14	4	0
	935 x 135	18	3	10	15	4	6
Round Tread (Heavy Pattern)	810 x 90	8	3	9	7	7	0
	875 x 105	11	5	9	10	5	9
Plain (Light Car Pattern).	750 x 65	3	17	5	3	4	8
	750 x 85	5	4	7	3	18	10

CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO.
(Great Britain), Ltd.,
102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

confined their energies too much to the expensive car. They hope, through having altered the date of the Paris Exhibition so that it clashes with Olympia, to kill the London Show—a daring move, by-the-by, but let them be careful, for the weapon they use may, like a boomerang, recoil on themselves. Italy has produced the most powerful cars of anyone for the last couple of years, but she again is suffering from over-production, as there are not enough rich people wanting cars to go round. Germany is, so far, fairly well absorbing her own manufactures of cars, but there do not seem to be any desperate attempts on her part to appeal to the man of moderate means. Great Britain started late in the race of automobile construction, and it is to be noted, *en passant*, that she has not yet achieved any very dramatic successes in International races. But she has learnt that the market requires a sound car at a cheap price rather than a magnificent creation at a very high one.

* * *

Thanks for this are largely due, one must feel, to the Royal Automobile Club. The Club has been greatly reviled in the past, but it has displayed a business-like foresight which is beginning to bear fruit. The Tourist Trophy races, the various reliability trials, and the many hill-climbing competitions held under its auspices, have taught manufacturers far more than do Continental races, where the element of luck is so prominent a feature. At the moment, the Club is largely occupied in managing the Commercial Motors Trial, a feature of the industry destined to have a very important influence in the future, and in this Great Britain is in the forefront of the nations.

* * *

In company with, I dare say, many others, I should be glad to see Mr. Huntley Walker or anyone else race with Mr. S. F. Edge, if only to put a stop to the interminable correspondence which has taken place. Everyone likes to see a sporting race between men who believe in the superiority of their separate cars, but when their different opinions are aired day by day through the columns of the public Press, it becomes a *leetle* tedious. Mr. Edge challenged originally anyone to race his team of six Napiers, but the challenge from that point has got so altered that no one reading the correspondence between these two gentlemen can find out exactly what they do want—except it be not to race!

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

Owing to the improved methods of manufacture and to the increased plant put down at their works in Hanover and Willesden, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company (Great Britain), Ltd., announce that a substantial reduction in the price of their motor tyres has taken place.

We have received a useful and well-got-up booklet from the Daimler Company, which they call their instruction book. It is bound in black morocco leather, with a flap, has a pencil and space for notes, a pocket for one's licence, and full instructions for everything to do with the Daimler car, its object being to aid non-mechanical purchasers to recognise easily the various parts of the Daimler car. Owners of Daimler cars can obtain a copy on writing to the Company at Coventry.

We have just learned that Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, the richest millionaire in the world, has purchased one of the first 1908 models of the 30 h.-p. White Steam cars. This purchase comes after his having had two years' experience with an 18 h.-p. White Steam car. We congratulate the White Company on possessing the most wealthy customer in the world.

One of the new model 35 h.-p. four-cylinder Sunbeam cars has been entered for the Reliability Trials promoted by the Motor Union of Western India, which take place from Bombay from December 26, 1907. The car will be driven by Mr. H. C. Dignasse, of 15, Greek Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., who holds the Managing Agency for Sunbeam cars for the Indian Empire. After visiting his already established agencies in Bombay and Calcutta, Mr. Dignasse will proceed to Rangoon, Madras, and Colombo with a view to establishing agencies in those districts. Cars will be shipped out to these places to await Mr. Dignasse's arrival.

The Staff of the 20th Division in the recent German Army Manœuvres

Undoubtedly, motor-cars are destined to become an important factor in warfare of the future. The car shown here is a 45 h.-p. Daimler, belonging to Mr. Paul Brodtmann, managing director of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., who will be noticed on the extreme left of the photograph. Needless to say, the car was fitted with Continental Non-Skids, which went through the whole of the German manœuvres without any trouble whatever

LOSS OF HAIR

"Will You Try 'Tatcho'?"

"Hair Very Much Admired."

"St. John's Schoolhouse,
"Redhill, Surrey,
"19th Sept., 1907.

"Dear Sir,

"I very much wish you to know what 'Tatcho' has done for me. Early in February I had a severe attack of influenza, and my hair came out so much that I became practically bald. My eldest daughter said: 'Will you try "Tatcho"?' I consented, and tried it; before I had finished the first bottle I had a fine growth like baby's hair. I have continued to use it, and now I have a fine head of short curly hair. My hair previously was perfectly straight.

"I have been visiting in Cheshire and Leicestershire, where my hair was very much admired. If you are ever in our neighbourhood I shall be very pleased to show you the result of using 'Tatcho.'

"I am, your sincerely,
"A. L. WHYMAN"
(Late a Certificated Schoolmistress).

You may have a 4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho," carriage paid, for 1/10, on application to the "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, mentioning "The Bystander."

GUARANTEE.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

Geo. R. Sims

In honesty to yourself, refuse worthless imitations.
Chemists and Stores all over the world.

THE LATEST SUMMER MOTOR AND TRAVELLING HAT, IN ALL COLOURS.

18/6

Cécile

THE LIGHTEST HAT EVER DESIGNED.

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"The Luntin Pipe and sneeshin mill
Are handed round wi' right guid will."
—BURNS.

A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCOS IN THREE STRENGTHS.

"LUNTIN" Mixture.

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending SIX penny stamps to the Manufacturers—

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

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but the important word is

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Why? you ask.

Well,—imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but the imitations of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP are so bad as not to flatter the imitators, and they will assuredly disappoint you, if not be positively injurious to you.

See the name "WRIGHT'S" is on the wrapper.

4d. per Tablet.

The most perfectly equipped school for Motor-Car driving instruction.

Call or Write for Prospectus.

Marine Motoring also taught.

Inspection Invited.

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BOSTON GARTER

Cotton (plain) 1/- pair.
Cotton (check) 1/- pair.
Silk (plain) 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.

LOOK FOR THE PATENT RUBBER BUTTON.

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THE ACME OF COMFORT.
THE HEIGHT OF PERFECTION.

WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.

SUMMERS, Glover and Outfitter,
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Oatine clears the skin by removing the dirt from the pores that soap and water do not and cannot reach.

Send either 3*d.* or coupons from 2*s.* 6*d.* worth of Oatine Preparations (stocked by all chemists) and we will send samples of eight of our Preparations, and Book of Beauty Hints, FREE.

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READ

THE DAILY GRAPHIC

THE BRIGHTEST AND BEST MORNING PAPER

OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Shadow Frock

There seems to be small doubt but that the shadow frock will prove one of the big successes of the season. It is not wholly novel, having been tentatively essayed many times before, though never under auspices in any way approaching the present. As an instance, now here is a pinkish-mauve chrysanthemum scheme that was adorably carried out in a strange shade of mauve chiffon over pink chiffon—quite a strong pink—the key-note being found in one Brobdingnagian chrysanthemum bloom catching up the corsage draperies over an embroidery of pearl-worked gold *galon*. Supremely original, again, was a mole-grey silk net, disposed over a white foundation veiled in a veritable Japan blue of quite pronounced order. And this unique affair was rendered still more noticeable by a quantity of narrow mole *chenille* fringe.

But, perhaps, really the most characteristic evolution was a dress of rose-pink veiled with an imperceptible green transparency, which formed an under-dress to draperies of black chiffon, stitched round with lines of black satin ribbon, continued over the shoulder to cross at the back, brace-wise, over one of the favourite barbaric bodices of jewelled gold *galon*. A concluding note quite fascinating was then afforded by long floating sleeves of black chiffon which fell almost to the hem of the skirt at the back. And just one more—such a dream of a dress—a Redfern dream, to be accurate—and entitled a Reception Robe, which will, perchance, denote the classical style of garment presented. The over-dress of black chiffon, heavily embroidered all over in detached *motifs* of gold, was arranged in full panels from a deep round-shoulder embroidery of gold, over a petticoat of the tiniest ring-spot net, encrusted to the knees with beautiful tapering lines of lace, the net and lace again occurring in short puff sleeves and a chemisette relieved by touches of pale blue. So much, in brief, of the shadow dress, a conviction that persuades one enormously as to its claims and elegant possibilities.

The Modern Tailor-ma e

A dainty model sketched at Nicoll's, 114, Regent Street. (*See next page for description.*)

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Messrs. H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street

The services of Messrs. Nicoll are ever with us, although there their resemblance to the poor ceases. They are verily prodigal in their offerings, particularly in the realms of tailoring, of which, as all the world knows, they are veritable monarchs. To the present